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HUSTLER

A LARRY FLYNT PUBLICATION

OCTOBER 1979 \$2.95

**ATHEIST MADALYN
MURRAY O'HAIR:
INTERVIEW BY
LARRY FLYNT**

**SHOCKING!
RAUNCH FROM
THE BIBLE**

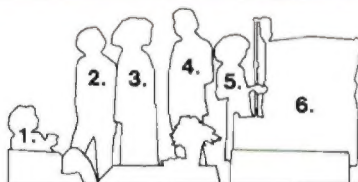
**SEX IN
AMSTERDAM:
HUSTLER GOES
TO HOLLAND**



Can you spot the Camal Filters smoker?



Public Service Advertisement from HUSTLER Magazine.



A look at a cocktail party. And almost everyone has clean lungs. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** No. She's Miriam Rich. The only bulge she looks for inside a man's pants is his wallet. Lit up a cigarette once to blow smoke in a cheapskate's face. **2.** Nope. That's Art Deco, an unsuccessful artist. Collects paint-by-number oils. Considered smoking. Figured he'd die young and become famous. **3.** No. She's Polly Ester. Designs holes in T-shirts for

punk-rockers. So removed from smoking she thinks lung cancer is the name of a punk band. **4.** Nope. He's Taylor Mayde, king of the discos. Knows if he smokes, both his feet and heart might miss a beat. **5.** Not Mary O. Andretti, the racing freak. She's a driving instructor at a go-cart track. The only smoke she'll tolerate comes from an exhaust pipe. **6.** Right. This deadbeat has been smoking Camal Filters all his life. Used to be a star outfielder. Was nicknamed the "Vacuum" because he caught everything hit his way. Now he can't even catch his breath.

Camal Filters. They're not for anybody.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



For information on how to stop smoking, write your local cancer society.

HUSTLER®

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No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child"

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, self-help therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine
& The Advertising Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

HUSTLER®

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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



USA-A Sleeping Chicken!

A few months ago many of us sitting at home in front of our television sets were sickened by the spectacle of an American journalist, Bill Stewart, being gunned down in cold blood by a Nicaraguan national guardsman. What sickened me further was the inability of this country to do anything about it.

Americans have been pushed around, brutalized and murdered abroad in increasing numbers since the end of the Vietnamese conflict, and our credibility as a world power has never been lower. We've become a nation of chicken-shits, and every little potbellied dictator across the globe considers us fair game.

And why shouldn't they? They know our armed forces are currently a shambles and a disgrace; they know that if, God forbid, this nation were threatened with either a conventional or nuclear war in the next few months, we'd either chicken out or suffer near-total annihilation—especially if the aggressor were the Soviet Union.

The simple fact is that U.S. military supremacy is a thing of the past. A year ago General David C. Jones, Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, warned this country that, in terms of the strategic balance between the USA and the USSR, the trends were "adverse across the board."

His prophecy has come true. The Soviets have 4.4 million citizens in uniform as against our 2.1 million. They have 50,000 tanks; we have 10,500. The Russians have 981 naval vessels; we have 459. Although we outnumber the Soviets in aircraft carriers 13 to one, the Russkis have more ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles) and more submarine-launched missiles. The U.S. Air Force has more strategic bombers than its Soviet counterpart, but the *newest* B-52 is more than 15 years old. (The program for the new B-1 bomber was scrapped by President Carter nearly two years ago.) And the Pentagon estimates that the Soviets will soon have improved the accuracy of their ICBMs to the point where they could destroy America's present land-based missile force in a single blow.

Of course, most wars start small before they get completely out of hand. It's easily conceivable that such a war could start in Europe, for instance, where NATO troops still face off those of the Soviet-dominated Warsaw Pact. In a situation like this our all-volunteer army could be in big trouble.

Figures from the last quarter of 1978 indicate that all four branches of the armed services fell short of their recruitment targets. More important, the Army's Individual Ready Reserves (the pool of former servicemen who can be called up quickly in an emergency) is only 182,000 strong—547,000 short of the 729,000 required (by Pentagon estimates) to fill front-line units.

Furthermore, with one-third of all new recruits coming from minority groups, the United States is, in effect, hiring the underprivileged as its mercenaries. "During the draft," says Northwestern University sociologist Charles Moskos, "the Army was a mix of all kinds of men. That is not the case anymore." In 1978, 30,000 *unqualified* recruits were enlisted and almost immediately discharged as being physically, morally or mentally unfit. The cost to the American taxpayer of this in-one-door-and-out-the-other bullshit is upwards of \$190 million a year—enough, according to *U.S. News & World Report*, "to buy tanks for an entire mechanized division."

When the Japanese were firming up their plans to attack Pearl Harbor in 1941, Admiral Yamamoto reportedly warned his countrymen that America was a "sleeping giant," to be messed with at one's peril. A better name for the USA today is a "sleeping chicken," and you can mess with us any damn time you like.

A stylized, handwritten signature of Larry Flynt in dark ink.

Publisher &
Chairman of the Board

Freedom of speech is a precious right, one you've seen defended time and again in the pages of HUSTLER. But the true test of a belief in the First Amendment is the willingness to extend that freedom of expression to those people and ideas you may oppose. That kind of dedication was what the French philosopher Voltaire had in mind when he wrote, "I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

To show you we're willing to put our magazine where our mouth is, this month's HUSTLER INTERVIEW features MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR, the country's foremost Atheist. Once called the "most hated woman in America," O'Hair is now fighting to make our government pay attention to the separation of church and state. And who better to interview her than our own born-again Publisher, LARRY FLYNT? Larry's probing questions help uncover the shocking story behind the rise of clerical capitalism, as O'Hair explains why our religious leaders often seem more interested in saving dollars than souls.

The pursuit of the Holy Buck is simply business as usual for the churches, who've been grabbing with both hands since before the Middle Ages. But even before the Holy Buck came the HOLY HOOKERS, one Bible lesson you probably never heard in Sunday school. This commentary by HUMPHRY KNIPE takes us back to the time when the sacred and the sensual were merged in the act of love, and sex was respected as an act of worship. Knipe is no stranger to controversy, having already written a



Cover by Suze Randall

study of the human pecking order called *The Dominant Man*.

Unfortunately, organized religion's attitude toward sexual freedom has gone through a 180-degree reversal since the birth of Christianity, and what once took place in the shadow of the altar is now generally locked away behind closed doors. Yet there are still a few places where sexuality is out in the open, and SEX IN AMSTERDAM provides an in-depth look at one of them. That Dutch city's red-light district is a shining example of how people can handle the human urge to make love once shame and repression have been banished from the minds of lawmakers. Author RUDY MAXA learned all too well how legislators usually respond to sex during his years as columnist for the *Washington Post Magazine*. Maxa also achieved national recognition when he broke the story on Elizabeth Ray, the sex kitten whose candid tales rocked the nation's capital. Helping

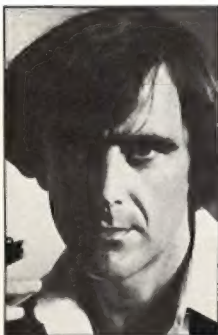
bring Maxa's Amsterdam to life is an illustration by HUSTLER regular DAN KIRK.

LOSERS, this month's fiction, takes you deeper into the sleazy world of cocaine-dealing than you ever wanted to go. Your guide on this bizarre journey is BEN PESTA, Editorial Director of our sister magazine CHIC and a former editor of *Swank*. The accompanying illustration for *Losers* was done by HUSTLER newcomer BRYANT EASTMAN, a well-known commercial artist who designed the posters for the films *Stuntman* and *Brainstorm*.

Film is also the subject of a special this month: a sneak preview of STAR VIRGIN, the soon-to-be hit movie. Adding a touch of class to the flick, our own crack Contributing Photographer SUZE RANDALL was involved in its production. And HUSTLER centerfold Kari Klark (December 1978) stars as the last girl in the universe learning about the birds and the bees from a robot.

Luckily for you, we're a long way from running out of girls here at HUSTLER. And we guarantee you that this month's photo-features are hot enough to keep you warm all winter. SUZE put down her movie camera long enough to shoot centerfold INGA: POOLSIDE PLEASURES, and then found out with LOLITA: BACK TO SCHOOL why we all should thank heaven for little girls. Staff photographer CLIVE McLEAN was tied up for days shooting KNOTTY LADY and got his feet wet photographing MAKING WAVES.

It's too bad Voltaire didn't live long enough to read this issue of HUSTLER. He'd have enjoyed it, and so will you. ☺



Humphry Knipe



Dan Kirk



Rudy Maxa



Ben Pesta



Suze Randall



The price of everything is going up, and CHIC is no exception. Subscribe now and save \$13.40 on a year's newsstand price — or \$45.20 on a three-year subscription!

FEEDBACK

Beaver Fever: One of the most beautiful girls to "spread" for the pages of HUSTLER was M. M. from Reno, Nevada, who appeared in *Beaver Hunt* in the July Fifth Anniversary issue. Although she may be too wholesome for your editors and the HUSTLER centerfold, she is definitely a winner. Don't lose her beauty to another magazine. Let us see more of her as a future centerfold! The talents of Suze Randall could probably do justice to the freshness and beauty of this dream girl.

Please keep us posted on her progress.

—William Cody
Carnegie, Pennsylvania

In your July *Beaver Hunt* you featured a magnificent piece of female flesh. I'm speaking of M. M. from Reno, Nevada. She has a perfect-looking body with nice, firm tits and gorgeous legs. She would be an excellent addition to the menu at Colonel Lingus—guaranteed to be finger-lickin' good. I'd sure like to see her in a photo-spread, and I hope to see her in one of your future issues.

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

An offer for a professional-modeling assignment has been made to M. M. We hope to see her featured in HUSTLER soon.

Sincere Flynt, Deranged Goldstein: I have often thought about writing to HUSTLER, ever since the media relayed to us how Larry Flynt shared the blessings of the Holy Spirit with Ruth Carter Stapleton. I was recently reminded of my intention while reading August's *Bits & Pieces* reference to the *Screw* centerfold of February 5, 1979. In my opinion, this centerfold only confirmed in my mind how deranged *Screw's* Al Goldstein actually is.

However, as a reader of HUSTLER since 1975, and also as a Christian, I feel Larry's conversion is sincere. Furthermore, I feel that he is doing more as one of Christ's disciples to help people follow the example He set forth than all of the "do-gooders" who have been so quick to criticize him. Those critics, no doubt, were the people who were offended by the back cover of your May issue—"JESUS IS COMING SOON AND BOY, IS HE PISSED!"

Many of those closed-minded individuals would probably not have been offended if they had read Richard Paget's fiction *The Second Coming* in that same issue. Additionally, those offended are going to be in for quite a surprise when Christ does come again, on Judgment Day. (I'm of the opinion that He is, indeed, as you put it, "pissed.") With regard to the Christian Larry Flynt, who preaches to the filthy-minded, was not Christ criticized for his association with a prostitute, Mary Magdalene?

—Ronald L. Graves
Bloomington, Illinois



Suze News: I am truly upset that I missed that issue of HUSTLER in which Suze Randall appeared. Would you please show another picture of her for me? It would make me very, very happy.

—Lonnie White
Guntersville, Alabama

The HUSTLER you missed was June 1977. There's a taste of it on this page for you.

Son of Rifleman? First of all, I would like to commend you on your magazine. It's great!

I recall that you published a photograph of Chuck (The Rifleman) Connors nude in June's *Bits & Pieces*. I heard that Johnny Crawford (his TV son) also posed nude—for *Playboy*. Would you please publish that photo too? We'll both love you for it.

—Joe and Debbi
Waltham, Massachusetts

We're working on it.

Larry Flynt and Ruth Carter Stapleton Celebrate The Second Coming



Flynt Pro and Con: I am a subscriber to your magazine, and I have read every issue since July 1976 from cover to cover. I enjoyed your articles on the criminals in the political arena, and I am convinced that Larry Flynt was shot because he is dedicated to exposing such corruption in government. He told the truth, and the politicians wanted him silenced.

I especially enjoy your public-service advertisements against smoking. They tell the real truth about this habit. I have enclosed some ads against smoking that I hope you can use in your magazine or get ideas from. Maybe they can help eliminate some cancer.

Another cancer that has taken millions of lives is alcohol. Not only does alcohol cause liver disease, it also contributes to thousands of deaths on our nation's highways. It has been proven over and over again that drinking and driving don't mix. I hope to see in future issues some public-service ads on the harmfulness of alcohol. Keep up the good work.

—James A. Huber
Millington, Tennessee

I've been a half-assed fan of HUSTLER now for most of the five years that you jokers have been around, but only since last month have I been a subscriber.

Admittedly, I've been a cunt-book fan for the last 17 years, enjoying mostly the photo-spreads; but I've got to confess, there's more to HUSTLER than just gash. This is the first so-called men's magazine that has ever piqued my interest enough for me to dig deeper and find out exactly what lies beneath all the succulent snatch-spreads. In spite of all the bullshit and controversy surrounding Larry Flynt, I truly believe that he's a dedicated person sincerely interested in the betterment of mankind.

Keep up the good work forever—the superb photo-layouts of all kinds, the ab-



HUSTLER HONEYS



July's campfire Honey makes friends with her flashlight, begging for more with those big blue eyes. And more is what Chrissie gets. Light up your life with this sexy girl-next-door.



Lolita, this month's cover girl, looks sweet and innocent, but underneath is a ripening passion. Share a young girl's wet dreams as she returns from school and humps her dumpty.



Here's this month's centerfold in action. When a dive into a swimming pool does nothing to cool Inga down, the young lady takes on a full bottle of champagne.



What happens when *Beast's Beauty* (November 1978) grows up to find the Beast just isn't enough? Watch her on the rampage trying to satisfy her voracious sexual appetite.

able individually in 200-foot color reels in regular 8mm (\$19.95), Super 8mm (\$24.95) and—for lifelike intimacy—Super 8mm with **FULL SOUND** (\$39.95). Or see all four girls together in **FULL-SOUND** and color on VHS or Beta videocassettes for an unbeatable bargain offer of only \$69.95!

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solutely hilarious jokes, the controversial but very educational articles and, most of all, HUSTLER's basic and so-true-to-life honesty!

—Raga Brundt Torba
Mount Vernon, Missouri

The Second Coming (HUSTLER, May) was righteous. You reached a segment of the people who might not otherwise read such stuff. I don't really believe in Christ as redeemer, but then lots of folks have a hard time seeing Larry Flynt as a Christian too. It takes all kinds, I guess. Keep up the Good Works.

—N. Brewer
Santa Clara, California

I am writing to you concerning the disgusting photo-spread in your June issue. It involved a white woman (I am ashamed to even call her white) and a black man. In my opinion, that is about as low-life as a maggot. I would have seen nothing wrong with two black people in a photo-spread, or two white people, but not a white and a black together.

Would Mr. Flynt want *his* daughter to fuck a black man? What if she got pregnant by him and had his baby? White people wouldn't accept the child because it would be part black, and the black people wouldn't accept it because it would be part white. I am not referring to the high-class rich people either—the so-called liberals—but to the middle- and low-class people who read your magazine.

Can that girl who posed with the black man be proud of herself? Can she show those photos to her parents, or maybe even her son or daughter? Let the black race stay with the black race and the whites with the whites. Parents should teach their children to stay with their own race. Whites who go with niggers should be put in ovens, like Hitler did with the Jews.

Now, Mr. Flynt, let's see if you are Jew-owned, or if you have the balls to print this letter.

—John P. Bakazan, Jr.
3345 North Troy
Chicago, Illinois 60618

HUSTLER will continue to acknowledge the opinions of others. Opinions are like assholes; everyone has one.

Potato-Eating Micks: Most of the *Great Moments in HUSTLER, 1974-79* in your July issue are quite acceptable. One, however—that which states, "We're prejudiced against everybody"—is definitely not acceptable. You are not prejudiced against everybody, just blacks and Jews. I haven't seen any HUSTLER cartoons showing Irishmen in a derogatory manner. Who are you people kidding? You are definitely prejudiced, all right. Isn't it about time you stopped spreading your prejudice? —Name and Address Withheld by Request

Mad as Hell: I've been thinking of writing to HUSTLER for some time now, but until recently I wasn't pissed enough to get off my

butt and do it. What has really got me pissed is these damned idiotic politicians who keep screwing the American people while we just sit back and take all the crap they shove our way. I don't know why people are just sitting back and doing nothing, but if we don't do something damn soon, the politicians are going to do irreversible damage to this country.

Right now I'm so damned pissed that I'd like to go around screaming at people to get off their dead asses and start writing to their state and federal representatives, who are running (ruining?) this country. If those assholes won't listen to anything else, they'll damn sure listen to a few thousand people who are not going to vote for them in the next election unless they start showing a little more concern for their interests.

You might think that a few thousand people are hard to come by as far as writing letters to politicians goes, but everybody out there who is reading this has at least one or two friends. What I am urging people to do is talk to their friends and urge *them* to talk to their friends and get them to start writing letters to those imbeciles who are supposedly representing us. I realize this might sound rather useless, but those fools in office are taking more and more money out of our pockets daily, and I haven't seen any sign of anybody trying to stop them.

So come on, folks—start writing to your state politicians and urge your friends to do the same. I for one am tired of paying those stupid politicians for wasting my money.

Let's put a stop to them. It's in your best financial and constitutional interests.

—Thomas J. Moore
3333 Ravenswood Road
Lot #72
Marysville, Michigan 48040

Red-Dot Boogie! I object! I loved your May issue and every one of those little red dots! I don't know about those blue dots other readers have mentioned in *Feedback*, but the red ones in my issue were removable!

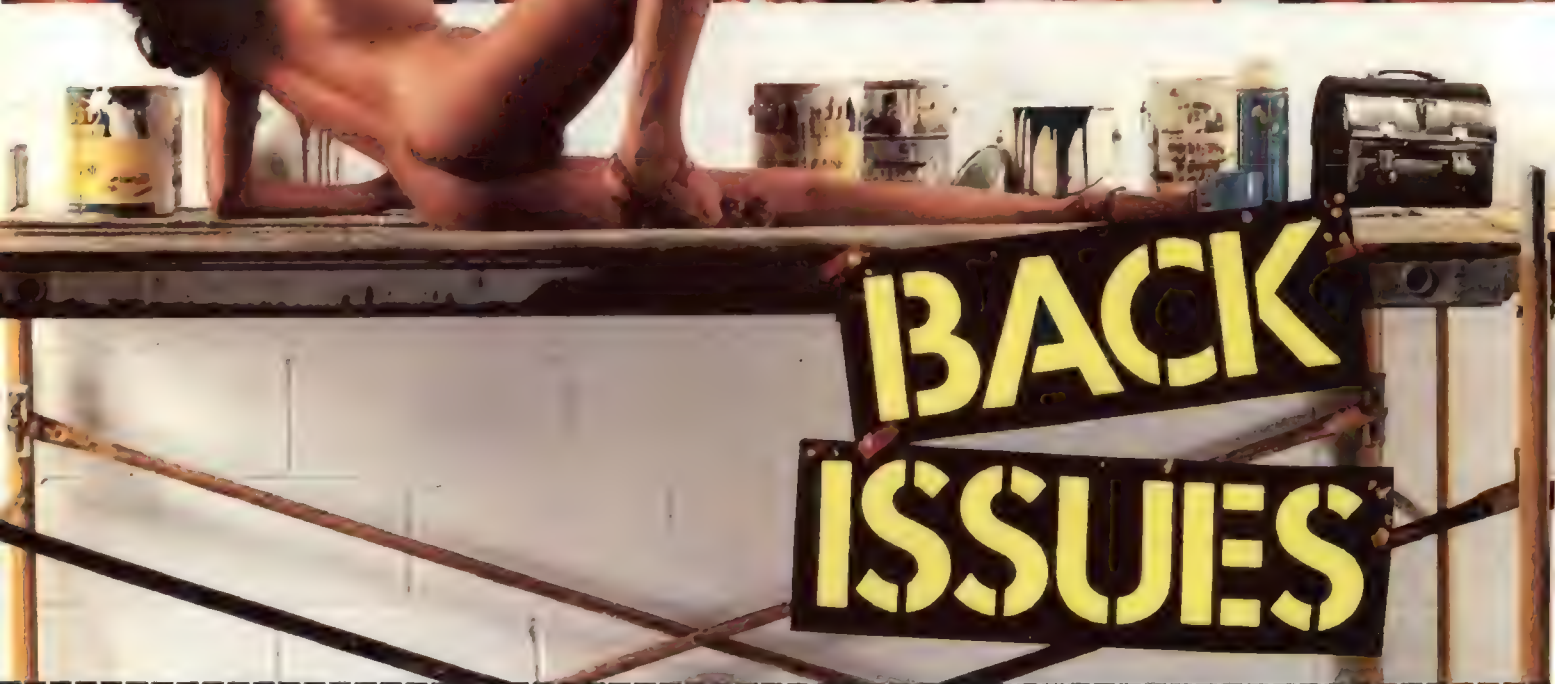
My boyfriend bought the May issue and brought it home to me with all the dots intact. With him sitting next to me, I leisurely read it cover to cover. Each time I came across one of those little red dots, I got a thrill just peeling it off. Seeing what was underneath was the greatest thrill (come) of all!! So hurrah for little red dots, and let's see more of the same!!!

—P. L. G.
Portland, Oregon

Limp-Dick Blues: Your magazine is the greatest! Your chicks are the sexiest girls that I have ever laid my eyes upon. I have been buying your magazine for almost three years. There is, however, one comment I feel I must make.

I have nothing against your placing men in your magazine along with women—it's only natural. But do us all a favor... please? Let's see some hard-ons on those guys and let's see some real penetration! Don't try to give me any shit about it being against the law either. You're a men's maga-





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A. I have not been able to find any other references to the same thing. I have not been able to find any other references to the same thing. I have not been able to find any other references to the same thing.

zine, so let's get some cocks in those ladies' fantastic cunts!!! Why can't you do this for your loyal readers?

Get on with it, HUSTLER. Get fucked up!
—M. A.
Faribault, Minnesota

It is a marketing decision and not one of censorship because some of our retailers are afraid to sell hard-core material. But we're doing all we can to give our readers the kind of material they want.

Your Right to Choose: My husband bought a copy of HUSTLER after I started getting *Playgirl*. Now we subscribe to HUSTLER, and it is our favorite magazine—especially because of the photo-spreads of couples.

After reading about Larry Flynt's conviction in Georgia (HUSTLER, August), I just couldn't believe that a person could be convicted for publishing such a truthful, straightforward and frank magazine. What's wrong with printing pictures of nude bodies? Everybody has one. And sex is a natural and beautiful thing. Since no one is forced to buy any magazine, why don't those people who find HUSTLER offensive just not buy it and stop trying to take it away from those of us who do enjoy it? No one should have the right to dictate what another person reads.
—Cheryl Skolnick
Stout Mills, West Virginia

Recently my husband's subscription to *Playboy* ran out, and we decided not to renew it. Instead, we started purchasing HUSTLER at a local store. I've only seen your last two issues, and already I've fallen in love with your magazine. Your pictorials are very arousing, particularly the ones featuring couples. I've noticed you feature lesbian couples, and I was wondering if you ever plan to show two gay studs going at it. I was also wondering if you ever feature orgy scenes.
—Mrs. J. R. Rogers
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

We believe in the rights of gays to express their sexuality in any way they choose, but HUSTLER is primarily a magazine for heterosexuals. We have featured threesomes in the past. We're discussing an orgy shooting for an upcoming HUSTLER.

Your Right to Speak: Although I don't agree with your philosophy regarding sexual explicitness, I do believe that you have the right to promote your views as guaranteed by the First Amendment. The same holds true for Phyllis Schlafly, Anita Bryant, Gloria Steinem, Billy Graham, Al Goldstein or anyone else who feels compelled to promote their individual beliefs. After all, the people of America decide the issues, not a select few.
—Jerry Shoemaker
Kettering, Ohio

100% Pure: I never thought I would be writing to a magazine, especially a men's

magazine, but I feel like it's about time.

I've been enjoying HUSTLER for about three years now, and I think it's the best men's magazine on the market. But I do have one complaint. Since I'm a 100%-pure-heterosexual guy, I like to see photo-spreads of chicks only. An occasional couple is OK, but not in the centerfold. So come on, keep the dudes out of the centerfold—OK?

And how about running more spreads of older ladies?

—Allan B. Jones
Chatham, Virginia

How about asking some of your older lady friends to send some snapshots into HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt? That way we'll be better able to look for models for photo-features.

Insult to Gays? As a regular reader of HUSTLER, I appreciate your refreshing views on sexuality. However, as a homosexual, I was offended by the satire in *Honey* in your July issue.

The story left me with the general impression that you think that homosexuals crave partners of the same sex because they've never had a hot-'n'-heavy fucking with a member of the opposite gender. This is total bullshit!

While I found the piece amusing, I'm sure there are numerous ignorant rednecks out there who believe this to be true. This only exacerbates their prejudice.

Why the effeminate farmboy enters limpwristed and leaves a "man" is beyond me. This is total insanity, even for a cartoon, and

it is an insult to gay people everywhere.

I do enjoy a good-natured satire on prejudice, but not the (inadvertent) promotion of it.

—Kevin McKinney
San Jose, California

Grateful Beaver: I wish to thank you for publishing my picture in the July *Beaver Hunt*. The \$50 was nice, but more than the money, I wanted the guys to see me in *Beaver Hunt* with everything showing.

Now I'm just sorry I didn't pose nude and show it all *last* year, when Dick, my photographer friend, first suggested it. In one week I've suddenly lost my few hang-ups, and I'm more relaxed emotionally. Thanks, HUSTLER... and all you HUSTLER readers too.

—Terry Weaver
Baltimore, Maryland

Douse My Wick: As a seasoned firefighter, and as a believer in your magazine, I would like to submit a suggestion to you. Over the years I've heard these words from women on a number of occasions: "Fireman, fireman, put out my fire," or "Fireman, fireman, can I slide down your pole?" It would give me great pleasure to actually see in your magazine a feature pictorial depicting a fireman busy putting out some gal's fire with his hose—and I don't mean his water hose.

—Norman Guyewski
Galveston Island, Texas

Sounds like a good idea to us. We'll see what we can do about it.

GRAFFITHTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO B.C., FRAZIER PARK, CALIFORNIA

ENTER THE LOVE BOUTIQUE!

*Pleasures to Fit Your Every Fantasy
from 'Doc' Johnson*

We proudly offer five love kits within which you can find the widest array of quality tested and designed sexual aids anywhere! One or more will fit your most exciting fantasy . . . like a glove. With a lover or solo, we have what you need to make it smoother, make it **BETTER!** A complete love boutique to browse through leisurely . . . from 'Doc' Johnson to you.



A. ELECTRO LOVE KIT: Made to excite, Gemini Vibrator, oval egg, Electro Cock Ring — Rectal Aid Combination, sensuous Vibrator Sleeve, Joy Jelly lubricant. Batteries included. \$19.95

B. SENSUAL SOLITAIRE: Realistic, comfort designed masturbator with multi-speed vibrator control panel, super Joy Jelly lubricant. Batteries included. \$19.95

C. SENSUAL ENCOUNTER: 7" vibe, clitoral stimulator, penis sleeve, French vibrator sleeve, 'squirmy vaginal & anal attachment, 'prickly top' ball. Batteries included. \$19.95

D. HIS CONTROL KIT: The ultimate in security—pearl drop rubberized cock cage, sta-erect sheath, hard-on pills, prolong cream, plus Joy Jelly lubricant. \$19.95

E. LOVING CARESS KIT: Designed to awaken the senses with 7½" Caress Vibrator, a sensational Tickler, plus Joy Jelly super lubricant. Batteries included. \$19.95

Please RUSH me the following love kits:

(print letters desired) ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

at \$19.95 each plus \$1.50 p&h for 1st item, \$1 each add'l.

-Add sales tax where appropriate

— Check or — Money Order

Please charge my credit card:

— Visa — Mastercharge — Interbank # ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Exp. Date: ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ # ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

MO. YR.

name

address

city

state

zip

Signature (I am over 21 yrs.)

H1079



P.O. Box 67068 • Los Angeles, CA 90067

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067

A three-week drought in the South African village of Warmbaths ended five minutes after the inhabitants of a nearby nudist camp dressed up in G-strings. The nudists had put them on only to appease the village's "Moral Action Force," which--fearing that the dry spell was God's punishment for immorality--had threatened to bulldoze the camp unless rain fell. Although the would-be reformers claimed a heavenly victory, the secretary of the nudist camp commented, "To suggest that the drought ended because we were forced to wear G-strings is going too far."

You've heard of mind over matter, but how about mind over motherhood? An Italian doctor is claiming 100% effectiveness for his new birth-control method--plain old hypnosis. After putting his female patients into deep sleep from six to eight times, Dr. Marco Marchesan instills in their subconscious minds the conviction they will not become pregnant for as long as they wish to avoid it. Meanwhile, another study reports that hypnosis also has been used to increase women's breast size by up to nearly four inches by subconsciously expanding blood supply to the chest.

Homosexuality is the product of experience, not genetics, and there's no way to prevent children from being exposed to it. That is the finding of researchers William Masters and Virginia Johnson, whose book "Homosexuality in Perspective" is reviewed on page 33. Masters says that since at least 10% of Americans are "reasonably active homosexuals," it's impossible to isolate children from such people's influence. However, his partner cautions parents not to worry about their kids being turned into gays by teachers or others, since if homosexuality can be learned, "then the things parents want their children to learn, to know, to be, can also be learned."

Researchers have found that doses of a common antibiotic taken soon after sex are dramatically effective in reducing the risk of gonorrhea. That's the good news; the bad news is that scientists have cautioned against widespread use of the antibiotic minocycline because it also can generate tough new strains of gonorrhea that are more resistant to treatment. When the drug fails to destroy all of the infection, a few bacteria naturally resistant to the antibiotic can survive and pass on their resistance to subsequent generations of VD.

The sexual revolution has finally reached America's most popular pastime--divorce. After discovering his former wife involved in a lesbian affair, John Smith managed to convince a St. Paul, Minnesota, judge that he shouldn't have to pay alimony to his "remarried" wife. Many attorneys still argue that alimony should be based on economic need, not the sexual preferences of those involved.

Medical history has been made in Chicago, where an emotionally disturbed young man performed abdominal surgery on himself in an effort to reduce his sex drive. His eight-hour attempt to sever the nerves to his adrenal gland--which influences sexual drive--was unsuccessful, even though he operated with enough skill to survive (and to amaze the doctors who examined him). Two months earlier the amateur surgeon had successfully removed his own testicles.

Forty-five Florida middle-school students were the unwilling witnesses to a little rapid-transit religion when the driver of their fast-moving bus took his hands off the wheel, threw his glasses against the door and walked toward the back of the vehicle, all the while yelling, "The Lord shall control my bus." No one was injured, thanks to the quick thinking of two young passengers, who drove the bus for nearly a mile until pulled over by a local sheriff. No charges were filed against the born-again bus driver. 🙏

From the mystical, sensual East, home of the KAMA SUTRA positions, comes the sexiest new imported product of the year from 'Doc' Johnson. Be the first to own the new 'Doc' Johnson 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ " multi-speed vibrator for the ultimate turn on. This powerful, quiet vibrator gives a choice of six sexy screw-on heads, which will give you six imaginative sensations. This advance in the sexual technology of the Far East, comes complete with its own set of batteries ready to drive you and your lovers to new heights of sexual delight.

Please print

Total enclosed \$.

Name _____

Address

City

State

Zip

Signature _____

I am of legal age.

Enclosed is my ☐ cash ☐ check ☐ money order
or charge to my ☐ VISA ☐ MC.

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H1079

Bits & Pieces

There are so many justifications for HUSTLER naming Senator S. I. Hayakawa October's Asshole of the Month that we don't have room to discuss them all at great length. Suffice it to say that California's rectal Republican legislator is as big an asshole as we've featured in this column in many, many months.

Who is S. I. Hayakawa? You've doubtless noticed him if you've recently visited the Capitol Building in Washington, D. C. If you had a chance to observe the U.S. Senate in session, you probably caught a glimpse of Hayakawa: He was the elderly Oriental gentleman asleep at his desk right there on the Senate floor.

"Sleeping Sam," as some Californians now call him, was sent to Washington to represent the people of the Golden State. Instead, he snoozes while his tax-financed salary of \$57,000 a year keeps rolling in.

Actually, it's probably just as well that he does doze at his desk. If he were to wake up, he'd more than likely screw things up worse than they already are in our nation's capital.

California's Sleeping Senator made headlines nationwide not long ago with his outrageous suggestion for solving the energy crisis. He came up with the incredible proposal that the price of gasoline be allowed to rise to \$2 a gallon.

Why would anyone want the price of gas to double? Here's what Hayakawa had to say:

"The important thing is



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH S. I. Hayakawa

that a lot of the poor don't need gas because they're not working. Wealthy people are driving around in their private jets and Cadillacs, and they're going to do that whether they have to pay 95¢ for gas or \$3 for gas."

Hayakawa went on to say that gas lines are comprised of "people who need gas to get to work, and they need to work in order to pay their taxes so the poor will be supported."

Of course, what he forgot to say was that we Americans work to pay taxes so

that assholes like S. I. Hayakawa can be paid fat salaries while they catch 40 winks on the Senate floor.

Hayakawa first gained prominence when, as President of San Francisco State College, he ripped out microphone wires from a sound truck in a fascistic attempt to silence students exercising their freedom of speech during a campus protest. The darling of conservatives ever since, Hayakawa has a voting record that would make Adolf Hitler proud.

One weird feature of Sleeping Sam's personality is his plea for harsher enforcement of laws against what he calls sex crimes. He says he wants to rid society of "sexual deviance." These seem like strange words from a man whose own bizarre sexual habits were explored in CHIC Magazine's December 1977 issue.

CHIC revealed that Hayakawa has a definite taste for S&M and that the elderly senator enjoys being pissed on or being whipped with a belt. And while we defend the Senator's right to be pissed on by the person of his choice, we condemn his two-faced, hypocritical attitude.

Lately, a certain un-American aspect of Hayakawa's political life has been reported in the press. There are allegations that his 1976 senatorial campaign was financed in part by the racist, fascist regime that rules South Africa.

Why would that repressive nation want to pour money into S. I. Hayakawa's political war chest? Obviously, because the South Africans felt that Hayakawa would represent their racist point of view in the U. S. Senate. It makes us puke to think that, because of people like Hayakawa, the government of South Africa may actually dictate to the American people.

There's little doubt in anyone's mind that the next time Hayakawa's name is placed on the ballot, Californians will drive to the polls with enthusiasm to vote this broken-down old fart out of office.



Evening Up the Odds

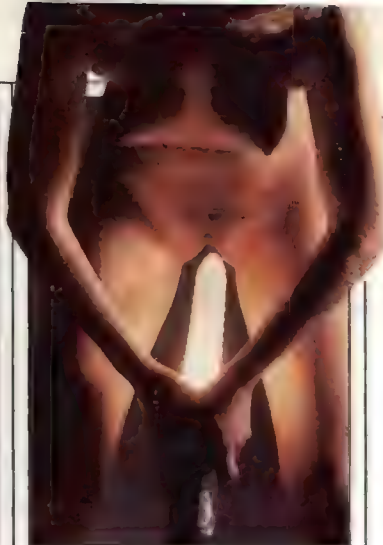
The idea behind California's recent odd-even gas-rationing plan was to balance the odds with the evens. Unfortunately, the plan failed because Californians are never anything but

odd, as you can see. However, some Los Angeles weirdos have tried beating the gas shortage by inventing a car that runs on burritos. Everyone knows they give you gas like crazy.



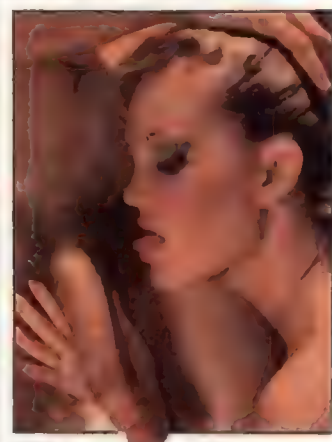
Oui Who Are About to Die

Oui may be pushing up daisies pretty soon, judging by its recent 9.4% drop in circulation and the fact that the first quarter of '79 saw a 27% decline in ad pages compared to the first quarter of '78. *HUSTLER* has simply knocked Hugh Hefner's rag out of the running, even though the desperate publication tried to save its assets by hiring rejected *HUSTLER* and *CHIC* staffers who couldn't make the grade at quality men's magazines. You can see the slow death peering out at you from every page; the only thing lower than *Oui's* advertising revenue is the quality of the photography. The magazine continues to run moldy girl-sets that must have been sitting in the can for years. Every other page seems to be an in-house ad promoting *Oui* and *Playboy*. Even the cancerstick-pushers are scrambling off the sinking ship, although the people at *Oui*, unlike your health-conscious *HUSTLER* crew, cater to their every whim.



Vagina Syndrome

Getting good vibes is no problem with the Three Mile Island Atomic Vibrator, since it's guaranteed to last for a million years (or until your ass falls off). Long-time users have described the product in glowing terms, although nuclear-nookie experts say it has really bombed out in tests.



King Dong

When we ran a picture of Steve York's pecker in July's *Bits & Pieces*, a lot of our faithful readers didn't believe it was real. So here's an outtake from an August *CHIC* photo-spread starring Steve, his trained cock and model Stephanie Baker, proving that not everything is done with mirrors.

For those of you who'd like to see a little more of Steve, he's now the featured attraction in a new book entitled *Steve*. It's available for \$8 at adult-book stores or by writing "Steve" (6969 N.W. 69th Street, Miami, Florida 33166).



Tranqs for the Memory

Girls afraid of getting drilled by the dentist don't have to worry anymore, thanks to the scientist who developed a memory-erasing drug that lets your mind check out during your mouth's

checkup. It worked so well that one patient wasn't sure which of her cavities the dentist had filled. But the delighted dentist told the young lady he'd just performed an easy inlay.



Ali Oops!

Partner, the newest entry in the porn-magazine sweepstakes, is off to a sleazy start with its attempted rip-off of *American* consumers. As you can see here, the "nude shot" of actress Ali

McGraw touted on *Partner's* cover consists merely of a little titty peeking out of her blouse. Unless the meaning of "nude" has changed lately, this appears to us to be a blatant case of false and deceptive advertising. It's magazines like this that give smut a bad name.

After the husband of this **Henpecked** figured that since he was the one bringing home the bacon, it was the least she could do for him. But every so often her husband winds up with egg on his face.

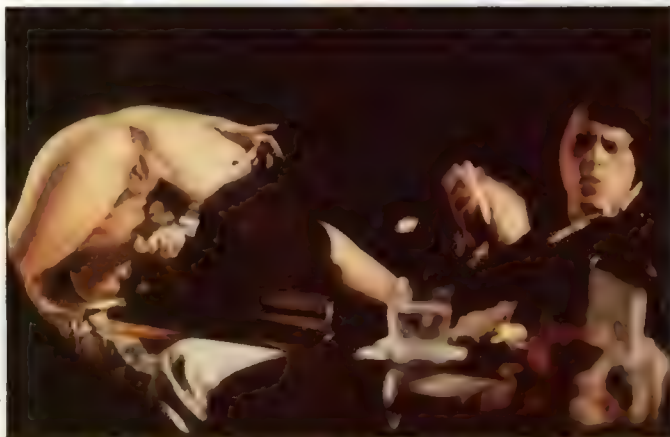


Rocky Road to Success

No one could be more cocky than Rocky Balboa, right? Wrong. Here's challenger Jerry Aibel doing some road work, although he may be tak-

ing the naked-city stuff a little *too* seriously. We hear he's a meat-beater also, but his meat isn't the kind you'll find hanging in cold-storage.





Got a Match, Buddy?

HUSTLER's Associate Publisher Bruce David has always had a yen to be a movie star. His dream is coming true. Here's Bruce working as a dollar-a-day extra in the new porn flick *Star Virgin*, which stars our December 1978 centerfold Kari Klark (top). No, that's not Kari getting Bruce's applause for

blowing out a book of matches with a blast of pussy-power. The dancer is Darcy the Snake Lady. Kari, meanwhile, portrays a test-tube baby who gets some advanced sex education from an obliging robot.

(There's more on *Star Virgin*, HUSTLER's pick for movie of the year, beginning on page 51.)



Clowning Around

After returning from the SALT talks in Vienna, President Jimmy Carter angrily denied charges that he is running the country like a three-ring circus.

Carter recently told reporters he was confident of winning reelection in 1980 because he'd wrapped up the votes of all the clowns in America.



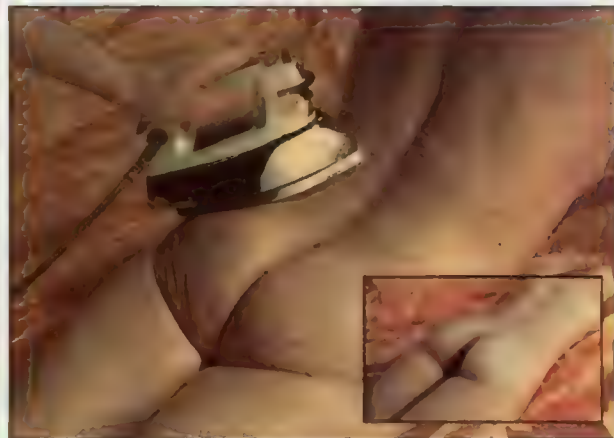
Big Wheel

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt is leaving the driving to someone else these days. He's

purchased a custom-built limo, complete with a chauffeur who knows that driving Flynt around is like a crash course in wheeling and dealing.

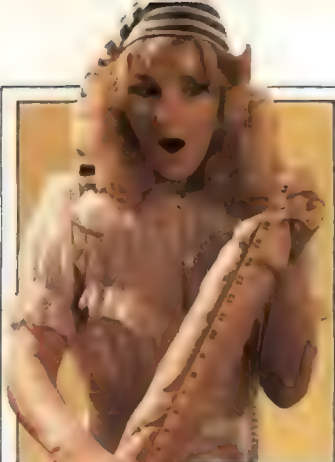
Ads We'd Like to See #10

Steam'n' Scream Iron



Old age doesn't have to mean unsightly wrinkles anymore. Not with the new General Electrocution Company's Steam 'n' Scream Iron. This new product from the world-renowned German appliance manufacturer ("Where We Love the Smell of Burning Flesh") is guaranteed to erase those nasty lines that mean "old" from your wife's (or anybody's) firm, round nether globes. Old age is a pressing issue, and the people at General Electrocution want to help smooth things out.

General GE Electrocution

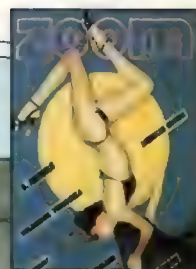
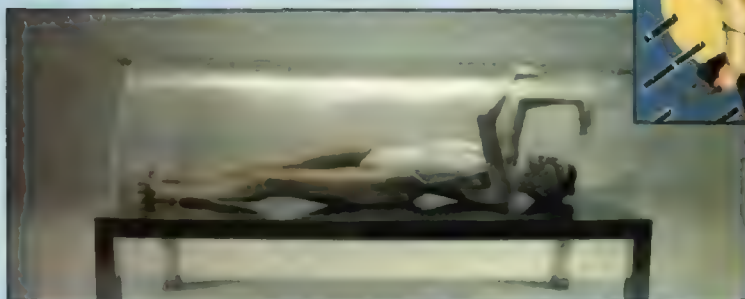


Department of Weights & Pleasures

This lovely little pecker-checker has finally found something to measure up to her dreams. You might call this going to great lengths for a little satisfaction, but at least she doesn't have to worry about coming off half-cocked.

Improving Your Image

Things will be looking up after you check out the new American edition of *Zoom*, one of the best things to happen to photography since Larry Flynt got his first Brownie box camera. The new *Zoom* includes the same stunning art as the French version we featured in last month's *Bits & Pieces*, but has the special bonus of being written in English. While the magazine has some of the best erotic photography on the market, it is not a sex-book. The stiff \$4.95 newsstand price may put some people off, but sometimes the best things in life aren't free.



Facial Discrimination

Looking out for America's not-so-beautiful people is the business of the nation's newest liberation movement—Ugly Lib. There are now two organizations dedicated to defending the rights of people who suffer because they don't fit society's idea of how human

beings are supposed to look. They blame magazines like *HUSTLER* for encouraging this prejudice by always having such pretty girls as models. Sorry about that, guys, but if you want centerfolds who remind you of your mother-in-law, you'll have to try elsewhere.



Beat Your Meatloaf

THE X-RATED COOKBOOK
50 BEDROOM TESTED RECIPES



By Susan Sky and Louise Woolf
Published by G. P. Putnam & Co., Inc.

Meatloaf is just one of the taste treats you'll find in *The X-Rated Cookbook*, a set of recipes for the horny homemaker that are guaranteed to put joy back into your cooking. If you'd like to lick your lips over a penis colada or start baking some lusher-cherry pie, then this book by Susan Sky and Louise Woolf is just for you.

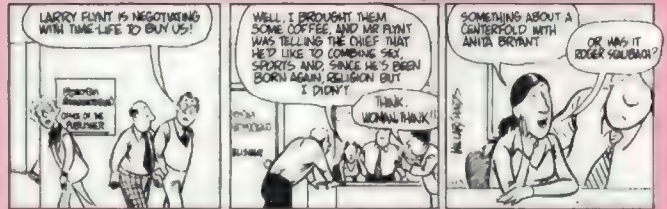
Of course, the photographs are tame by *HUSTLER* standards, but the recipes are for real. This unusual recipe book is available for \$5.95 from Whirlwind Book Company (80 Fifth Avenue, Suite 1106, New York, New York 10011).

Tanks for Nothing

Here are four *Tank McNamara* comic strips that never made it into the newspapers. Cartoonists Jeff Millar and Bill Hinds had the decency to pull them from publication the week after the March 6, 1978, shooting of Larry Flynt in Lawrenceville, Georgia. The two cartoonists decided that poking fun at a

critically wounded man was just not right and substituted different strips in place of the panels you see below. Actually, the idea of Larry Flynt buying a sports magazine may not be too farfetched, since *HUSTLER* already brings you the best of the world's most popular indoor sport—fucking.

by Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds

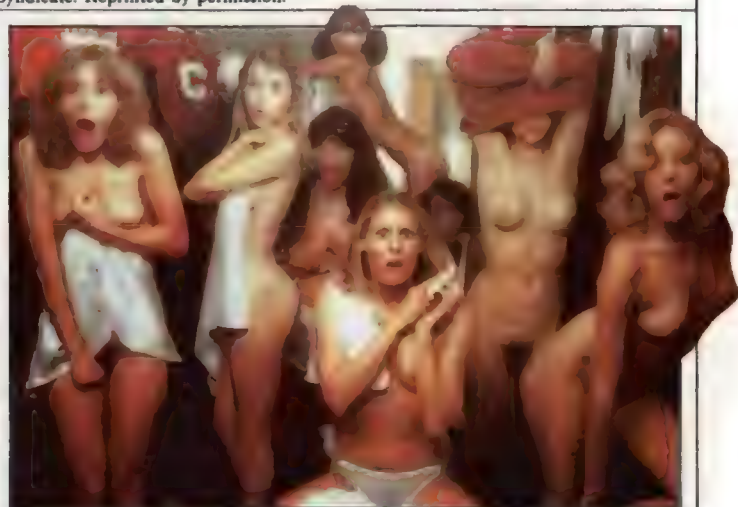


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Prom Queen

Going to the senior prom without your boyfriend can be a real drag, so one student at a South Dakota high school took the man he loves to his graduation dance despite the opposition of school administrators. If this

keeps up, it won't be too long before we have football players for homecoming queens. But if you're a little saddened by this assault on tradition, look on the bright side: If gays keep coming out of the closet, the country will gain another million square feet of storage space.



Something to Cheer About

The action doesn't stop when the game's over, as you can see in this poster of rah-rahs getting their ya-yas. We think their pom-poms are something to

cheer about. If you agree you can order the 2' x 3' full-color poster for \$6 from Pretty Hot Posters (P.O. Box 746, Studio City, California 91604).

Feeling Chipper

It looks like the stars of the TV show *Buffalo CHiPs* (not on the fall schedule) enjoy finding out how a real dick operates. But don't let those smiling faces fool you, because a highway patrolman's life is not easy. Copping a feel on the freeway is tough work, even when you're closing in on a good bust.



Blessed Event



This happy couple is now expecting a bouncing baby boy, and we do mean bouncing. It will be their second child, the lovely mail-order mother having previously given birth to a pair of Latex gloves. Although some narrow-minded people think these mixed marriages never work out, we think there's a place in our society even for a child who looks like a beach ball.

Hot Disc of the Month

Wardell Piper has no problem singing the scales with a little help from her friends. Unfortunately, the best thing about her new album (Mid-song International Records MSI-009) is the cover; inside is just more of the same bullshit disco that sounds about as fresh and exciting as last week's tuna surprise. (And while you can't tuna surprise, you sure can tuna guitar, a fact Wardell's producers seem to have forgotten.)

Ms. Piper is going to have to do a hell of a lot more licking if she wants to start clicking.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



Giving Blacks the Brush-off

Darkie brand toothpaste from Malaysia may be great for your teeth, but it sure doesn't make us smile here at HUSTLER. Portraying blacks as grinning idiots good only for tap-dancing is a stereotype that thankfully has vanished from the American scene. Of course, it's not surprising that Malaysians would stoop so low. The country has deported thousands of "boat people"—desperate refugees from Vietnam—and even threatened to shoot them on sight should they attempt to re-enter Malaysian waters.

Hustler Update

THE SHAH OF IRAN May 1978

Not only has this former Asshole of the Month been forced into exile following the Islamic revolution, but now a full-page advertisement has appeared in Iranian papers, offering an all-expenses-paid trip to Mecca during pilgrimage season to whoever contrives to assassinate the hated ex-tyrant. It looks as though even the deposed ruler's stashed-away billions may not save him now.



DON EMBINDER August 1978

The publisher of *Blueboy* magazine, who shattered the myths of homosexuality in his HUSTLER interview, has created the first publicly owned corporation with a product line aimed at the gay population. The enterprise may have trouble selling magazines due to problems with local censorship or difficulties in attracting straight advertising, but Embinder's not worried. He estimates the potential *Blueboy* market at 10 million, or roughly that 10% of the male population with homosexual leanings.

ERVIL LeBARON February 1978

After eluding lawmen for two years, polygamist and renegade Mormon leader Ervil LeBaron is finally going to face trial. He will defend himself in Salt Lake City against murder and conspiracy charges stemming from the May 1977 shooting death of a rival sect leader and from an alleged plot to kill his own brother. LeBaron and his followers are also suspects in as many as 20 other murders.



Contributors

HUSTLER pays \$100 for interesting visuals and stories for Bits & Pieces. We buy all rights to material accepted for publication, but will return art on request (enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope). For October, \$100 and thanks to Jerry Aibel, Charlie Airwaves, Andy and Kay Britton and Steve Peratt.



home **NEW**
PREGNANCY
TEST

Yours arrives in
under 10 minutes
accurate & easy



home **NEW**
ABORTION
KIT

Yours arrives in
under 10 minutes
accurate & easy



Trosley.

Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide range of reader-submitted questions, including sexual hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. *Advise & Consent* is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question on any topic, address your correspondence to: HUSTLER Magazine, *Advise & Consent* Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Edited by Vicki Scott

Sweet Dreams: I am a woman of 28 who married while still a teenager. I didn't have my first orgasm with my husband until I was about 21. It happened while he and I were having oral sex. Prior to this I would sometimes wake up during sexy dreams and have uncontrollable orgasms, or I would have one if I dreamed of being propositioned by another woman. The feelings I would get from the orgasms were cheap and dirty, and I did not feel at all comfortable. I would like to know if it is normal for a woman to have "wet dreams."

—K. O.

Lynbrook, New York

Your mind is not listening to what your body is telling you. Wet dreams are a sign that you're not getting enough sexual release. About one-third of all women have wet dreams that bring them to orgasm, according to the Kinsey report on female sexual behavior. It's a form of sexuality that is beyond your conscious control, and your body takes advantage of it. Your erotic dreams become a necessary outlet.

Many women try to sublimate their natural physical responses because they have been taught that they should not enjoy sex and that they should be above those "basal instincts." If you reach climax through oral sex, then accept that as one good form of sexual release that's right for you as dictated by nature. Flow with it rather than fight it.

Ouch! When I was ten years old I fell on my testicles while trying to walk a fence. Now my penis is crooked, and I have been unable to father children. I'm not sure if the fall was the cause of my problems, but I would like to know what I can do about them. Is there a doctor who handles these types of things?

—H. P.

Chicago, Illinois

If the injury was severe enough to cause a hormonal malfunctioning, it could have been the reason for your problems. A blow to the testicles can cause infection and, in turn, strictures. Such injuries are sometimes also responsible for hematoceles—the accumulation of blood and fluid in cells of the testes. Damage to the interstitial cells, which produce the hormone androgen, can cause sterility. See a urologist or endocrinologist for a thorough examination; either specialist can tell you what specific treatment, if any, can "cure" your problem.

Bad Taste: I am a 21-year-old woman with

a problem. Can you help me find a contraceptive cream that does not smell and taste terrible? The only cream I can see available in drugstores is Ortho-Creme, and my boyfriend says it is ghastly!

—S. H.

Billings, Montana

Ortho seems to be the largest manufacturer of vaginal creams, jellies and foams. Besides Ortho-Creme, the company makes Conceptrol cream, Delfen cream and foam, Ortho-Gynol jelly and Preceptin jelly. Brands by other manufacturers include Emko foam, Koromex jelly and Ramses "10-hour" jelly. Though many of these products are nonstaining, mildly fragrant or easy to use, none of them was meant to be eaten. For example, Koromex, which can be used either alone or with a diaphragm, contains boric acid, phenylmercuric acetate and other chemical spermicides—that is, agents formulated to kill human sperm. None of the pertinent literature says anything about what these chemicals can do to the tissues of the mouth, stomach or vagina. Therefore, although it may be inconvenient, you should let your lover eat you out first—as a form of foreplay—and then apply your contraceptive.

Firepower: I am a 60-year-old male who is still going strong sexually. I have no problem getting and keeping an erection, but my lady friend tells me that for the past six months she has not been able to feel my sperm shoot into her in spurts. She says it just sort of dribbles out. I masturbated to

check this out and discovered it was true. My orgasms still feel normal and good, so is there anything wrong with me?

—M. D.

Cranston, Rhode Island

If your orgasm still feels "normal and good," then don't worry about the power of your ejaculation. As men age, they usually notice that the force of ejaculation decreases. Don't let any slight physical changes that come with age worry you, and you should continue to have a satisfying sex life. Besides, most women, even in their prime, would have difficulty feeling an ejaculation.

But if your lady friend misses that sensation of your semen "shooting" into her, she might try this trick. When you're close to orgasm, she can put a well-lubed finger or small vibrator into your anus. The pressure this puts on the prostate gland often causes a more intense ejaculation.

Laughing Gas No Joke: Is nitrous oxide dangerous? Someone told me it causes brain damage. On two occasions I punctured whipped-cream cylinders and inhaled the escaping gas to get high. I did about ten cans in half an hour each time. But I'm suspending the use of this method of getting high until you tell me whether it's safe.

—M. M.

Trenton, New Jersey

Nitrous oxide (laughing gas) has been in use for two centuries, and it's generally considered safe—except for the way you're using it.

As a mind-altering gas, its advantage is that



the user can change the dosage to achieve the amount of giddiness desired. A person comes down from it rapidly, and it leaves the system in five to ten minutes. But problems occur when no oxygen is inhaled along with the gas—patients or users turn blue, and their brains can become like vegetables. An even greater problem arises when people inhale laughing gas from aerosol cans. When gases expand (which is what occurs when the can is punctured), they freeze; people have died by freezing their throats. Another problem is that Freon, not nitrous oxide, is often used as a propellant in spray cans, and Freon happens to make mush out of brain, liver and lung tissue. Play it safe—go to your dentist if you want to get high on laughing gas.

Common Law: I have been living with the same woman for five years, although we never married. I would like to know if the state of California recognizes common-law marriages, and if so, how long two people have to live together before they're considered married.

—T. Y.

Carson, California

Living together while unmarried (cohabitation) is legal in California, but common-law marriage is not recognized as valid in that state. As a matter of fact, only 13 states (Alabama, Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Kansas, Montana, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, South Carolina and Texas) and the District of Columbia consider common-law marriages valid. And each state has its own rules about it.

If you want to avoid hassles over such things as property inheritance, tax liabilities and the

rights of widows to compensation, you should marry. If you're not worried about those things, you may still want to draw up a written contract covering your property rights, because you're not covered by California's community-property laws. (Oral contracts concerning property are hard to prove.) For more information on the subject you might write to Nolo Press (P.O. Box 544, Occidental, California 95465) for the booklet Sex, Living Together and the Law: A Legal Guide for Unmarried Couples and Groups.

Who's Got the Button? My girlfriend likes it when I fuck her deep; she says that's what feels best. The trouble is, she has never had an orgasm. I thought all chicks could come somehow or other, and figured that if I ate her out long enough that would do the trick—but it hasn't. You see, I can't seem to find her clit. I've looked up and down, in and out, and even held a flashlight on her pussy, but I just can't find it. Maybe hers is in a strange place, or maybe she just doesn't have one. Is that possible?

—C. T.

El Paso, Texas

Your girl's clitoris may be small or recessed, but it should be there. Don't look for it deep within her vagina—as a matter of fact, you probably won't be able to find it at all just by looking. Instead, follow the inner lips of her pussy with your finger up to the point where they branch off to the left and right from each other. At the point where they fuse (about an inch above the urethra) there should be a tiny bump or button. This is the glans, or head, of the clit. The rest of it (the shaft) is beneath the hood of skin formed by the

juncture of the two lips. (The glans is about a quarter-inch in diameter, and the shaft is a little less than an inch in length.) Unlike a man's penis, the shaft of the clitoris does not hang away from the body. But like a penis, it has spongy tissues that engorge with blood when sufficiently stimulated.

The area around the glans is extremely sensitive to direct pressure by your finger or a vibrator and to the indirect pressure of pulling or tugging. After several minutes, as sexual tension mounts, the looser skin covering and surrounding the clit fills out as the shaft and the glans get congested and swell. You probably won't be able to see the changes until your girlfriend is highly excited and beginning to feel the need for release—orgasm.

If this form of exploration doesn't help her, and if you get no physical reactions after much patience and persistence, then your girlfriend should try the same technique on herself using a mirror and a light. If there's still a problem, she should go to a gynecologist and ask that her clitoris be pointed out to her.

Show-off: A few years ago my wife and I went to a topless bar. After we had had a few drinks, the emcee came out on the stage and announced that it was amateur night and that there was a \$50 prize for the winner of the topless dance contest. He asked my wife to enter, but she refused. Ever since that night I have fantasized about her being a topless dancer. I have asked her to act out my fantasy, but she says her breasts are too small to show off. Personally, I think she looks great. How can I get her to act out my fantasy?

—R. J.

St. Louis, Missouri

Why don't you compromise? Ask your wife to dance just for you in the privacy of your own home. Buy her a large ostrich feather, a fan or some long silk scarves. Or for something really daring, some pasties from Frederick's of Hollywood. She may really get into dancing just for you. But if that doesn't work, you'll have to be happy fantasizing (or go back and watch the girls at that topless bar).

All-Day Fucker: My friend has a problem that he thinks was caused by his vasectomy. Ever since he was sterilized he's had a hard time coming. It's nice that he can last two hours, but it isn't just once in a while; it's every night. (He doesn't have the problem in the morning.) He says his wife doesn't like to have sex with him because he wears her out, and I can understand how she feels. Can you help?

—K. O.

Kansas City, Missouri

A vasectomy (cutting of the sperm ducts for sterilization) does not affect a man's ability to have an orgasm or to ejaculate. Right after the sterilization, of course, a man might be sore for a few days or weeks. But he should be back to normal physically in a short time (except, of course, that he won't get anyone pregnant). Occasionally there are some psychological problems, although

(continued on page 34)





He got caught in the act again. Only this time, he's been squeezing his charming Love Doll from 'Doc' Johnson. You can't blame the poor guy, she's irresistibly pliant and bubbly. She'll do anything, and the only kind of lip she ever gives him is the kind he wants. You too can be the lover you have dreamed of being with your own willing, soft and squeezable Love Doll, either black or white. She is a real inflatable fantasy with THREE anxious entrances of love.

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Total enclosed \$

I am of legal age.

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Michael Stott

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies every week; yet the straight media have constantly ignored the obvious need to educate the public as to which films are rip-offs and which aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function quite seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur producers on to better and better productions.

Legend of Lady Blue

We regularly bitch in this column about the rusty gag lines, ludicrously stilted acting and sloppy "craftsmanship" too many porn producers and directors throw into the public's face in the name of adult entertainment. So it's a delight to boost an unknown director's first film, which successfully combines serious drama and hard-core eroticism.

Legend of Lady Blue is the most visually arresting and emotionally sophisticated sex film I've ever seen. It deals with young love, the Vietnam War and the pressures of economic survival—familiar subjects to all of us. Writer/director A. Fabritzi handles these themes with the same strong yet unaffected finesse with which he controls his players' performances, and the result is simple, touching and memorable. The photography and editing by Vilmos Vasquez are as good as anything coming out of the straight Hollywood studios, and the sex action does what sex action should do—it illustrates fear and anxiety as well as love and lust, just as in real life.

The story opens in Kingsville, South Dakota, in 1970. Out at the old swimming hole a young girl, Iris (Maureen Spring), loses her virginity to her boyfriend Casey (John



'Blue' is a porn breakthrough, successfully combining drama and eroticism.






Smith), the local preacher's stepson. Unfortunately, the preacher catches them in mid-stroke. Casey and his mulatto buddy Shelby (Obe-Wahn) leave town and join the Marine Corps, while Iris, her reputation tarnished, heads out to Hollywood and a life of self-torment and emotional abuse as a

model and, in time, a hooker.

The plot now develops effortlessly and logically, and I'm not going to spoil your enjoyment of the film by trying to outline it here. Key scenes are well-worth mentioning, however: a circle of black Marines in Nam masturbating listlessly in their hooch, each waiting his

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  **ERECTION**
A constant turn-on. If this won't get it up, you may be dead.
-  **THREE-QUARTERS ERECT**
Worthwhile. Almost gets it up. But it can still be beat.
-  **HALF ERECT**
So-so. Probably get it up with a little help from your fist.
-  **ONE-QUARTER ERECT**
A poor turn-on. Just might get it up if you used a crane.
-  **TOTALLY LIMP**
A turn-off. This one couldn't get it up if you used a crane.

turn to gang-bang a white whore (well-acted by Phedra Grant); Iris in Hollywood, cringing as a dyke agent (Gloria Leonard) caresses her cunt lips with a rose in extreme close-up—a beautifully shot and edited session. Then there's the hilarious sequence after the war when Casey, Shelby and their Marine Corps buddy Buzz (John Leslie) are medical interns in St. Louis; at a party Buzz coaxes a doctor's wife into licking the pussy of a pliant nurse.

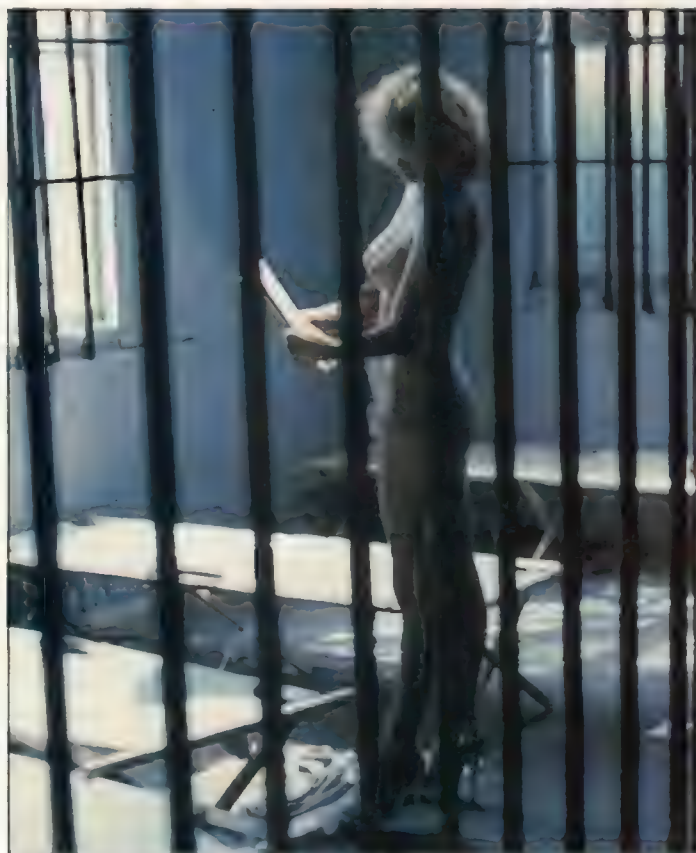
Legend of Lady Blue is the breakthrough work that the porn-film industry has been waiting for—a movie for movie-lovers as well as porn fans. It's the perfect film to take your wife or girlfriend to; there's as much food for thought here as food for your libido. The acting is uniformly good throughout, and the two leads—Maureen Spring and John Smith—handle their roles with remarkable sensitivity.

Legend was produced by Key Films—a name to watch for future class productions. —M. S.

Taxi Girls

Jaacov Jaacovi is a veteran Hollywood porn director/producer (*A Fistful of 44s*; *The Maids*; *Little Orphan Dusty*) who knows how to fill the screen with squirming piles of womanflesh. He works mainly in the category of satirical spoofs, applying to each production a formula of clear close-ups of fucking and sucking, two or three lesbian scenes, a hint of S&M and as big a clusterfuck finale as the cast-size allows. He's not so hot when it comes to subtleties of plot, characterization, dialogue or comic timing, but if what you want for your porn dollars are unpretentious, lightweight exercises in raunchy male chauvinism, Jaacovi offers reasonable value.

Taxi Girls is typical Jaacovi fare—87 minutes of hard-core nonsense about a bunch of Hollywood hookers who seem to get busted every time they try to do their thing on the street. Understandably bored at finding themselves in jail for the umpteenth time, the girls gang-rape a fat jailer and give



The women in 'Taxi' are hot, but forget about plot and dialogue.

the desk sergeant a blowjob.

During these shenanigans one of them does nothing but read the daily paper as if deep in thought. She's Toni, played by Nancy Suiter, HUSTLER's January cover girl and a fine-looking blonde who can actually act. The leader of the putz platoon, she's figured out a way to prevent future busts: They'll buy a fleet of cabs and become "taxi girls"—picking up their clients in wholly whore-owned vehicles and getting down on the backseat. Sure enough, when the girls get out of jail, they fuck a loan officer at a bank until he agrees to lend

Director Jaacov Jaacovi: Only halfway with 'Taxi Girls.'



them \$50,000. Then they purchase a fleet cheap (by taking turns sitting on the wholesaler's face). Business booms briskly and safely.

Up to this point the sex and humor are clear, simple and effective. But as in many of Jaacovi's flicks, things fall apart about halfway through. Toni meets up with her ex-husband, Frank (John Holmes), who wants her to give up the business and give it to him instead. Toni herself gets a yen to be a stand-up comedienne in a nightclub. Her auditions are pretty funny, it must be admitted: Nancy Suiter is no mean talent, and I'd like to see her crack the humor business for real. (She recently married, however, and this may be the last time you'll see either her quim or her face in public.)

On the surface there's nothing wrong with these plot developments. But when things aren't simple, Jaacovi gets rattled. He hired Jamie Gillis and Serena for a day to liven up the gang-rape scene in which the straight cabbies give it to the hookers. But that means that Serena suddenly appears as one of Toni's girls without prior introduction, and she's the kind

of chick that you notice. The crisp editing evident earlier in the film starts to slacken off as well, and the whole thing degenerates into confusion and tedium.

In short, if you take a ride with *Taxi Girls*, you'll get half-way to your destination. And that's why it rates a half-erection only.

—M. S.

Heavenly Desire

Here's another Jaacov Jaacovi production—an attempt to cash in on the publicity generated by *Heaven Can Wait*. However, it's a few degrees of erection better than *Taxi Girls*, and may be Jaacovi's best film to date.

Heavenly Desire opens with some pleasingly professional stock footage of cowpokes herding cattle in the old west. Then it zeroes in on a realistic facsimile of the local whorehouse in a pioneer township. Inside, Tom (Gene Carrier)—a well-hung rhinestone cowboy who looks as if he rustles pussy for a living—is herding his favorite two-footed heifer all over the bed. She's Mary Lou (Seka)—an udderly terrific blonde with the finest body I've ever seen in a porn film—and the shots where she simultaneously sucks and tit-fucks Tom have to be seen to be believed. They're hot!

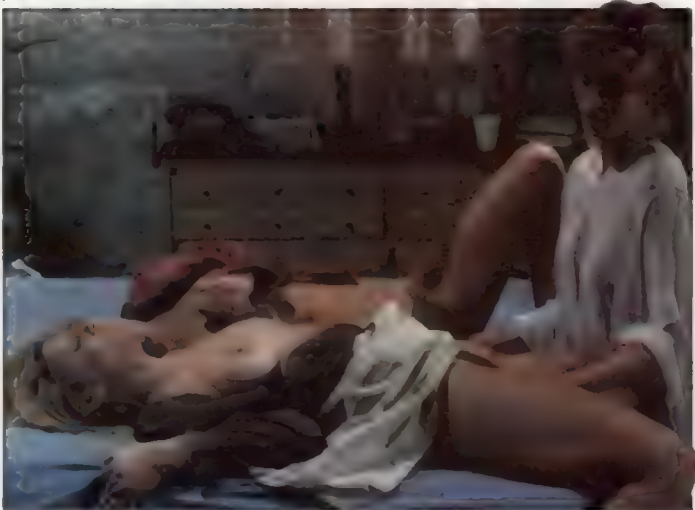
But Tom's pleasures are fleeting. Horsebreath Harry (Michael O'Leary) calls him outside for a showdown, and Tom—a real *schmuck* when he's not fucking—is slain before he gets his pants fully buttoned.

As he falls, his gun sprays the spectators, causing the deaths of both Mary Lou and her sister-in-whore Rosebud (Serena).

At this point the time suddenly changes to the present. The old whorehouse has now become a sorority for a puritanical college of sexually repressed virgins, and Lucifer, the devil (Johnnie Keyes), doesn't like the situation one bit. Keyes is the black stud who starred in *Behind the Green Door*, and he appears here as the devil in a pink suit and porkpie hat. He decides to resurrect Mary Lou and Rosebud from their nearby graves. Their mission? To wage war on repression at the sorority house until sucky-fucky reigns supreme again inside those hallowed halls. If the women succeed, they'll get a guaranteed ticket to Hooker's Hell, a land dripping with mink and money.

Lucifer's initial scenes with Mary Lou and Rosebud are more rib-tickling than erotic, despite the fact that Keyes is a stud first and an actor last. But he does manage to say a few choice lines without screwing them up. When one of the girls, finding herself in his limousine after a century in limbo, asks him if they're already in heaven, he replies: "Baby, you in the backseat of a Cadillac Brougham; that's as close to heaven as you ever gonna get!"

When the two ghostly good-time girls get to work on the frustrated coeds, things really heat up. Rosebud fist-fucks two of them at once, Mary Lou eats everything in sight, and Lucifer wanders around with his pink pants down to his ankles,



Serena provides double-fisted action in 'Heavenly Desire.'

thrusting his devilish dong into all apertures. The fact that the mortals can't *see* these stimulating spirits, but can only *feel* them, adds a delightful tension to the sex scenes—especially as we, the audience, see everything very clearly.

I haven't mentioned the co-eds individually because few of them are really hot enough to invite comment. There are about ten of them, and Jaacovi's creative juices seemed to run out toward the end, when they all appear in the obligatory cluster-fuck finish. But Serena and porn newcomer Seka are in top form, and if Jaacovi keeps improving his craft at the same rate, his *next* production could be up among the fully erect big-boys. —M. S.

Candy Goes to Hollywood!

The main question that pops into your head when watching this film is whether Carol Connors, the star, could be a certified mental deficient. It seems impossible that anyone could *act* so brainlessly without having been kicked in the head as a child, and this film proves beyond reasonable doubt that Connors is no actress.

Candy Goes to Hollywood! is the second in the *Candy* series to star Ms. Connors. Like the first, *The Erotic Adventures of Candy*, this sorry excuse for porn was allegedly directed by ex-Michigan State University coed Gail Palmer, thereby proving a liberating point regarding sexual equality: Women can be just as adept as men at producing mediocre X-rated garbage.

The story is the old one about the dumb blonde who comes to Hollywood and gets royally fucked over by everyone she meets. The only thing is, Candy doesn't *know* she's getting fucked over, and she greets each new rape of her mind, body and pocketbook with ever-increasing delight. It's a potentially amusing premise, and the script does it justice. But Ms. Palmer directed each scene with all the finesse of a shit detail on a Lithuanian freighter, and the result for the audience is nearly 90 minutes of itchy-butt annoyance at comic timing that just doesn't work.

Throughout most of the film



Carol Connors performs like a love doll with a voice box in 'Candy.'

Connors bats her eyelashes and opens her mouth to say "Gosh!" and "Golly!" like a blow-up doll fitted with a voice box. Luckily, however, her mouth is occasionally filled with cock, which seems to be a good way to get her to shut up.

Porn veteran John Leslie provides the single energizing element in the entire flick. Leslie seems to be growing as an actor with each successive performance, always conveying a strong vitality in his roles. In this film he plays sleazo agent Johnny Dooropener—the first show-biz parasite to pounce on Candy as she steps off the bus at Hollywood and Vine. Dooropener puts her through the mill, first by hypnotizing her into a blowjob for the purpose of "improving her vocal cords."

Then he passes her around Glittertown, offering her services to a succession of celebrities. Chuck Bareass, the producer of "The Dong Show," is the first on Dooropener's list, closely followed by Johnny Farson of the "Last Night

Show." You get the picture.

Leslie keeps things humming in his scenes with Ms. Connors by utilizing an acting device as old as theater itself: He stomps on the ends of all her lines before she has a chance to finish them. It's a good trick, albeit a desperate one, and keeps the focus of each scene where it should be—on him. If the other male leads had used the same technique, the film could have taken a quantum leap in energy—both sexual and non-sexual. But none did, clearly revealing the director's ignorance of just about everything connected with movie-making.

Gail Palmer has promised (or *threatened*, depending on your point of view) to make yet another film in the series. It will be called *Candy Goes to Washington!* and will no doubt exhibit Ms. Connors being fucked over by characters with names like President Jimmy Farter and Senator Edward Cuntteddy. That's the bad news. The *good* news is that no one will force you to see it.

—Frank Fortunato

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood.

Erection

Babylon Pink
Bad Penny
Easy
MisBehavin'
Sex Roulette

Three-Quarters Erect

A Woman's Torment
Anna Obsessed
Another Love,
Another Place
Candy Strippers
Debbie Does Dallas
800 Fantasy Lane
Happy Holiday
Jack 'n Jill
People
Pretty Peaches
Satin Suite
Serena
Sex World
The Other Side of Julie
The Pleasure Palace

Half Erect

Black Silk Stockings
Carnal Games
China Sisters
For Richer, For Poorer
Here Comes the Bride
Invasion of the Love Drones
Laura's Desires
Little Orphan Dusty (Dusty)
Pizza Girls
Pussycat Ranch
Skin Flicks
The China Cat
The Little Blue Box
The New York Babes
The Senator's Daughter
The Untamed

One-Quarter Erect

Blue Perfume
From Holly With Love
Hot Honey
Hot Lunch
Hot Rackets
Nite Bird

Totally Limp

Fur Trap
Hardcore

BOOKS

Edited by Michael Stott

Reaching for Paradise

The Playboy Vision of America



THOMAS WEYR

Reaching for Paradise

By Thomas Weyr; Times Books; \$12.50

In his new book Thomas Weyr provides the reader with a straightforward and exhaustively complete publishing history of *Playboy* magazine's first quarter-century, while including numerous anecdotes of sometimes funny, sometimes bitter corporate asskicking. *Reaching for Paradise* doesn't whitewash *Playboy* founder Hugh Hefner's failures or minimize his successes. It's an honest book, and its ultimate question is this: At 25 years of age has *Playboy* succumbed to senility, or is it entering its second childhood?

Weyr describes how Hef and his employees coached the newly affluent young males of America to pursue the good life with "taste." If a man couldn't conquer the world with the right clothes, the best in electronic equipment and the sleekest sports car in the garage under his swank bachelor pad, then he just wasn't trying hard enough.

The reward for such conspicuous consumption was personified by *Playboy's* pinups—perky-breasted, plastic-faced and essentially genital-less—and by the Bunnies in the *Playboy* Clubs. In 1963 feminist Gloria Steinem wrote a stinging expose of the Bunnies' life in *Show* magazine, and Weyr reproduces her findings: "Costumes were purposely too tight

so that they left work every night with red welts and bruises all over their bodies. . . . Bunnies worked till they dropped, made a lot less money than they were promised, were at the mercy of bus-boys. . . . [They] barely had time to eat, and company food consisted mostly of stew, except for fish once a week. Men pawed them constantly . . . and bellowed like water buffalos in heat when they were refused."

Weyr portrays the early Hugh Hefner as a tastemaker, a man genuinely before his time, a prophet who called doom on the sexual repression of the '50s and early '60s. But if Hefner initially changed the lifestyles and sexual mores of contemporary society, he gradually slowed down. As Weyr points out in his most interesting chapter, "The Sexual Revolution and Beyond," there is currently a dangerous conservatism characterizing *Playboy's* sexuality, and the empire may yet crumble before it reaches its golden anniversary.

—Kathrin Cipcich

The Fantastic Art of Boris Vallejo

Introduction by Lester del Rey; Ballantine Books; \$7.95

"Sensual, startling flights of the imagination into worlds of beauty, wonder and terror." So runs the publisher's hype for *The Fantastic Art of Boris Vallejo*, and for once the hype is perfectly correct. The 40 full-color pictures included in this book admirably demonstrate why Vallejo's cover illustrations are appreciated with cultlike enthusiasm by an increasing number of fantasy-fiction fanatics. Ranging in subject matter from full-blown gothic romance to violent struggles between man and monster to intergalactic space wars, each painting reveals the artist's skill in creating dramatic dream-visions.

But the best part of these dreams is that they are filled with people so beautiful that they can exist only in our imaginations. And they're not only beautiful—they're hot. With her large breasts, narrow waist and voluptuous thighs, Boris's blond "Primeval Prin-



'Vallejo': A combination of fantastic beauty and fantastic monsters.

cess" is a likely inhabitant of anyone's dreams. The pride with which she displays her golden body makes it clear why her two pet dragons submit to her so easily.

For the ladies Vallejo's men are equally splendid. In "A Guide to Barsoom" a barbarian warrior stands on guard to save a slave girl (who has a really *exquisite* ass) from the fierce onslaught of two four-armed monsters. He is truly a "noble savage," and his powerful body

Facts is one of these—a book so lively and informative that you're liable to lose track of the time, and people will be banging on the bathroom door to see if you've drowned.

You can also think of *Fascinating Facts* as additional armament in the ongoing battle for chicks. Somewhere in David Louis's gold mine of information you'll find just the right nugget of trivia to help you break the ice with women. For instance, instead of trying to

Customs," etc. The chapter on death is reminiscent of HUSTLER's recent feature *What a Way to Go!* (July), which took a look at some of the most hilarious and bizarre deaths ever recorded. In the Middle Ages, Louis tells us, a condemned person had to *tip* his executioner to ensure that the head-chopping would take only one blow. Apparently, Mary, Queen of Scots, refused to pay the tip, because it took 15 whacks of the blade before her head finally rolled free. Then there was the French judge who in 1386 convicted a pig of murder and sentenced the little porker to be hanged. The pig was executed in the town square with all the ceremony usually reserved for two-legged criminals.

Most of the *kinky* trivia is found in the "Manners & Customs" chapter. Centuries before the chastity belt was invented, the Chinese used to sew up a girl's labia as soon as she reached puberty. These stitches were not cut until marriage, which might explain the origin of that old proverb, "A stitch in time saves nine (months of pregnancy)." And in days of yore Spaniards used to brush their teeth with stale piss. (It was supposed to make their teeth brighter.)

These are the kinds of facts that will not only make *your* breath seem minty-fresh, but will also astound your friends and lovers. So buy the book (and a roll of Charmin) and head for the "reading room."

—Larry McClain

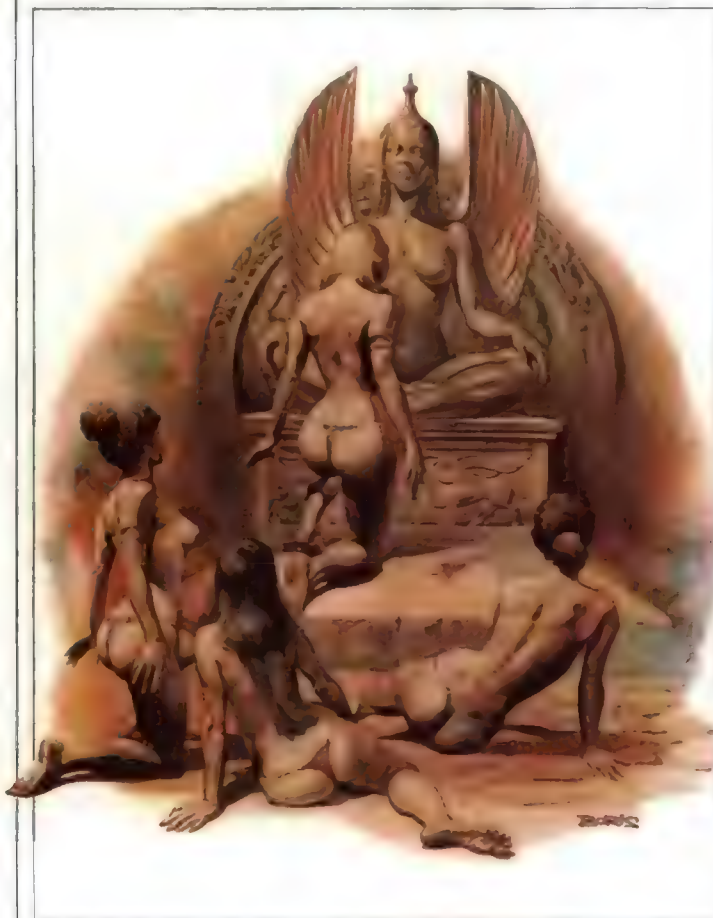
Homosexuality in Perspective makes for difficult reading, and I'm tempted to tell you that it isn't really necessary to wade through it all in the first place. Its major findings have been summarized accurately enough in the press, while as a source of erotic inspiration the case studies discussed are noticeably tamer than what you'll read in *Kinky Korner*.

But after digesting the bulk of the text I came to feel quite strongly that this book holds out a lot of promise for sexually active people everywhere, straight or gay. For one thing, Masters and Johnson conducted substantial research into heterosexual control subjects (to provide a benchmark against which homosexuals' response patterns might be measured). This means that the book contains nuggets of significant data of immense practical value to people of *any* sexual persuasion.

For example, straights who might have wondered about their occasional gay fantasies can now be reassured that these are mirrored by the heterosexual imaginings of many gays—and that both kinds of fantasies are normal. Even more important to most HUSTLER readers is the fact that straight men with the will to learn (and the self-confidence to try) can pick up immensely valuable pointers from the lesbian couples who participated in this project. It now seems clear that no one can tell what turns a woman on better than another woman. As the book reports, the interactions between loving lesbians confirm that tenderness and communication stimulate most women far more than the frantic breast-kneading and peremptory finger-fucking so many men regard as irresistible foreplay techniques.

The findings outlined in *Homosexuality in Perspective* are sure to be controversial. But the pioneering nature of the work is of primary importance right now, along with the influence it is bound to have on the health-care professionals (from "Dear Abby" to your personal physician) who shape so many of our society's sexual attitudes. For this we can all—gay, straight, bisexual, ambisexual or neuter—be grateful.

—Jonathan King



"The Fantastic Art of Boris Vallejo" is simply that—fantastic!

possesses all the grace of an ancient Roman statue.

Although there are a few softer, more romantic pictures—taken from the covers of gothic novels—the general combination of fantastic beauty and fantastic monsters makes this a truly exciting collection.

—Bernard Barryte

Fascinating Facts

By David Louis; Ridge Press/Crown Publishers, Inc.; \$6.95

Some books are meant to be read on the john. *Fascinating*

impress that new honey with your gold medallion or your hairy chest, just buy her a drink and say, "Did you know that people have survived in the desert by eating shoe leather?" Chances are she'll lean across the table and whisper, "I can think of something tastier than shoe leather to munch on." It could turn out to be the most sexually rewarding evening of your life.

Of the 69 eye-opening chapters in *Fascinating Facts* the most dramatic categories are the ones dealing with everyday phenomena—"Animals," "Death," "Manners &

Homosexuality in Perspective

By William H. Masters and Virginia E. Johnson; Little, Brown and Company; \$17.50

Masters and Johnson have had a tremendous effect on contemporary thinking about human sexuality. Their impact derives from the influence the two researchers have had on their intended audience of health-care professionals—physicians, psychologists and other therapists—whose prior ignorance of things sexual often had disastrous effects on the sexually troubled patients who came to them seeking relief from their very real agonies.



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ADVISE & CONSENT

(continued from page 26)

92% of the men who have had the operation say their sex lives are as good as or better than before. Those who are negatively affected somehow perceive themselves as "less of a man."

Since your friend has no trouble in the morning, he apparently has no physical problem. It sounds as if he's overcompensating in some way.

The ability to delay ejaculation is greatly admired because it allows a man more time to please his lady. But if the time span is too uncomfortably long, your friend's wife might try masturbating her husband until he is close to orgasm. If that doesn't work, he should check with a urologist or sex counselor.

On Your Mark, Get Set... What is the average amount of time that a man should spend making love to a woman? —A. M.
Los Angeles, California

A person gets out of an experience only as much as he or she puts into it. Take a little time to give pleasure to your woman, and you will double your investment.

The average man, studies show, climaxes within two to three minutes after penile insertion. Normally a woman can't come that quickly, so several minutes of foreplay—from 15 minutes to an hour or more—are often necessary to get her off. Take just as long as you both need to reach an orgasm (or two or three), and then linger a bit in the afterglow. (A common complaint among women is that men roll over and go to sleep almost immediately after coming. Most women need a few moments of snuggling before drifting off; for them it lessens the "animalistic" nature of the sex act.)

Don't deny yourself the "wicked" pleasure of an occasional quickie. When the inspiration strikes to do it "right now, right here"—whether it be in the kitchen or the car—give in to the urge. Quickies can spice up a relationship, but they are certainly not meant to be a steady diet.

Toad Hopper? I have had several hard, round, white bumps on my penis and testes, and I'm puzzled about what they are and what to do about them. Can you advise me?

—W. T.

Spring Lake, North Carolina

The problem could be Herpes simplex II, a venereal disease that is excruciatingly painful and that is accompanied by fever, headache and tender lymph nodes. This is a highly contagious viral infection for which doctors and researchers are still trying to devise a cure.

But since you didn't mention any noticeable fever or pain, it is more likely that the sores are sebaceous cysts. Normally the skin secretes an oily, odorless fluid through the hair follicles, and sometimes they become plugged, forming a small skin tumor. The area can become abscessed or infected.

An eruption anywhere on the skin is a sign that something is wrong inside the body. You should have yourself checked by a physician as soon as possible. 🐸

Should you ever visit the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, the Netherlands, you may, after viewing some of the masterpieces, be stopped dead in your tracks by one particular canvas. Painted in 1635 by the great master Peter Paul Rubens, it's titled *Cimon and Pero* or *Roman Charity*. You'll probably have to elbow your way through the crowd gazing at the painting; chances are you'll find adults looking startled and schoolchildren giggling nervously.

Rubens's work, based on an ancient Greco-Roman legend, depicts a haggard, elderly man with a flowing white beard imprisoned in a dungeon. His wrists are locked in handcuffs attached to a chain, and he is sitting on what appears to be a box or trunk.

Beside him is a buxom young woman, her bodice opened to reveal her plump, milk-swollen bosom. One of her hands is drawing the old man's head close, while the other is offering him her right breast, which he is eagerly sucking. According to legend, the prisoner is being starved to death, but the pretty visitor—his daughter—left her infant at home and came to provide the old man with some milk to help keep him alive.

Literature has also provided a fair quota of books in which the wet-nursing of grown men is described. Best known in this country is John Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*, a masterful portrayal of the plight of Oklahoma farmers who migrated to California in the early 1930s to escape from the Dust Bowl.

The main characters, the Joad family, undergo incredible hardships before reaching the promised land. In the book's final scene they take refuge in a barn during a rainstorm. In a corner lies a gaunt man whose boy begs the newcomers for money to buy milk. His father, he explains, is dying of hunger. The Joads have no cash left, but Rose of Sharon, the daughter, has given birth to a stillborn child. She exchanges glances with her mother, who nods affirmatively. The young girl kneels beside the

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.



LACTATING LADIES

by James West

starving man and breast-feeds him.

When it was published, the novel created a sensation—not only because of its angry social theme but also because of the shock value of the final page. Twentieth Century-Fox snapped up the movie rights, and in 1940 released a film version starring Henry Fonda.

During production there was wild speculation about how the nursing scene would be presented on the screen. But although the picture was a huge success, those viewers who had anticipated being titillated by an exposed milk-filled titty were disappointed; the picture ends merely with the Joad family bravely facing the future.

Steinbeck's scene had been anticipated by the 19th-century French writer Guy de Maupassant. In his story *An Idyl* he describes two young Italian peasants alone in a train compartment. The young woman is on her way to France to take a job as a wet nurse, while the man is going to seek work as a day laborer.

After a while she confides to him that it's been more than a day since her breasts were suckled, and now they are painfully distended to the point of making her feel ill. Stammering shyly, he offers to relieve her. When she gratefully accepts, he empties both breasts. She thanks the man for the service, but he replies that it is he who is in her debt: He hasn't had anything to eat for three days.

Other well-known writers have provided variations on the theme, including the Irishman James Joyce (in Molly Bloom's famous soliloquy from *Ulysses*), the Italian Luigi Pirandello, the Japanese Junichiro Tanizaki and, more recently, the American John Updike. In Updike's best-selling novel *Couples* the main character asks his mistress, unhappily married and a recent mother, to suckle him, which she does.

Turning from art and fiction to reality, the 19th-century French physician G. J. Witkowski quotes various medical men on the subject of breast-feeding. He starts with Hippocrates, the Greek father of medicine, who recommended mother's milk as a cure for sterility. Other early doctors prescribed it for gonorrhea, migraine headaches and ailments of the ear and eye. The author also mentions that the Duke of Alba, a 16th-century tyrant, was fed by wet nurses in order to gain more strength. Likewise, Las Casas, a Dominican missionary, became seriously ill while in South America. He was nursed back to health by a compassionate Indian woman.

Closer to our time are the experiences of the late John D. Rockefeller, Sr., founder of the huge Standard Oil dynasty. At 70 he decided that he would

try to live to the ripe old age of 100. Suffering from a poor digestive system and having heard of the potential benefits of breast milk, he ordered his doctors to procure healthy young nursing mothers to provide him with the required nourishment. The multi-billionaire made it well into his 90s and was still able to play golf until close to the time of his death.

In 1886 Richard von Krafft-Ebing, the famed German physician and neurologist, produced a monumental work entitled *Psychopathia Sexualis*. It documents case histories of what were then called "sexual aberrations" and which today would be designated as downright kinkiness.

In 1937 Dr. Alexander Hartwich updated Krafft-Ebing's work. He describes as not abnormal the Krafft-Ebing case of a shy young man who wrote to an agency for wet nurses in Vienna: "I have been plagued by an immense desire. . . . To put it in a few words I would like to drink one day the milk of a young woman . . . but on condition that I should be able to drink it direct from her breast."

Now that we're well into the era of sexual liberation, an increasing number of guys and chicks have admitted that breast-feeding among adults can be a terrific turn-on for both. Strange to say,

however, some of the top contemporary sexologists (ranging from Kinsey to Masters and Johnson) make very little mention of it.

Men's magazines—ranging from the slickest, with circulation in the millions, down to the cheapest imitations— invariably have a letters-to-the-editor feature in which readers either relate unusual sexual experiences or seek advice.

In a wide-ranging survey of this mail I came across a number of themes. Several men related that after their wives have had babies, they've sucked the milk left over, continuing to suckle long after the children have been weaned. Another reader mentioned the mutual erotic pleasure of tit-sucking with his wife, and went on to recount similar experiences with other women he'd met while on business travels abroad.

One more reader stated that his wife did not nurse any of their children, but that years later he read a magazine article dealing with induced lactation. Induced lactation is getting a woman's breasts to produce milk long after she's stopped nursing (or even if she has never breast-fed). The technique involves gentle massaging of the tits, followed by sucking three or four times a day for at least ten minutes. The procedure has to

be continued for weeks or even months until milk starts flowing. In this case the wife wet-nursed her husband every morning and night, and more frequently on weekends. The general public and even many doctors are unaware that lactation can be started by this method. A woman does not need to have given birth, and may even be a virgin.

Most of the letters from women stated that breast-feeding either a baby or a lover is so sexually stimulating that they experience multiple orgasms even without fucking. One girl wrote that she has no feeling in her clit but has intense sexual sensitivity in her breasts and nipples. Having heard about induced lactation, she asked how she can go about providing milk for her boyfriend.

It has also been mentioned that at some swingers' parties girls appropriately called "milkmaids" are provided for those who dig breast-feeding.

Contacts are also made via ads in the underground press: "Male wants mother's milk. Will pay generously."

Ads placed by women are no less explicit: "Pretty, young nursing mother will sell her fresh, warm milk to help support family."

I was able to get a firsthand report from a man who had responded to one of these ads. The ad stated that a beautiful blonde in her early 30s had lots of milk available for generous men. Since this was a new experience for the man, the voluptuous woman took the initiative and played Mommy to his baby.

She suggested he strip to his shorts while she removed her skirt and panties but kept on her blouse. Sitting down at the end of a sofa, she made the man lie down so she could cradle him in her arms. Then she said: "Baby want nice titty? Mommy has lots of milk for hungry baby." She slowly unbuttoned her blouse, lifted out a milk-swollen breast and guided the erect nipple into his mouth. He was instantly aroused, began sucking and discovered the milk was truly delicious. He got one of the best hard-ons he'd ever experienced, and she gently grasped his prick, telling him to save the cum for Mommy. Although it wasn't easy, he held back, emptied the breast and then switched to the other one. After the nursing session they moved to the bed, where he enjoyed the best screwing of his life.

There's no question about it: Milky-tit sucking has at last come out of the closet and is being recognized more and more as a harmless and wholesome erotic practice. And let's face it—how else can you get off while simultaneously ingesting valuable proteins and minerals in their purest form?



"Traffic violation. I parked on my mother-in-law."





MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR

Crusader for Atheism

HUSTLER has always been a forum for the expression of interesting issues and views. While we don't necessarily share the opinions of those we interview, we do acknowledge and respect their rights in the marketplace of ideas.

We tried to bring you the Reverend Billy Graham, but he turned us down. We had better luck with Bob Harrington, "The Chaplain of Bourbon Street" (August 1976). And continuing our efforts to feature controversial newsmakers, HUSTLER presents Madalyn Murray O'Hair, once called "the most hated woman in America."

Since her 1963 Supreme Court victory banning prayer and Bible study in public schools, Mrs. O'Hair, the country's foremost Atheist, has become organized religion's most formidable opponent. She has gone as far as the Supreme Court in her efforts to remove the inscription "In God We Trust" from our currency. The Supreme Court, however, has refused to rule on her appeal of the lower-court decision that the inscription is a patriotic phrase and not a religious one. But Madalyn is persistent, vowing to continue her efforts in other federal district courts. "What the hell," she says. "I'll keep fighting another two years. Meanwhile, God in his infinite wisdom may cause the Nixon appointees to have heart attacks." If she is successful in another court case, the seemingly impenetrable tax shelter protecting church properties could disappear. That would stand as the most devastating blow ever suffered by organized religion in this country.

Far from the maddening cries, the beatings and the attempts on her life in Baltimore in the 1960s, Madalyn now resides in Texas, where she and her son, Jon Garth Murray, head the Austin-based American Atheist movement at 2210 Hancock Drive. Together they publish American Atheist magazine, with Madalyn acting as editor-



Interview by Larry Flynt

in-chief and Jon Garth as managing editor. The magazine is dedicated to diminishing the power of religion in our society.

HUSTLER: Madalyn, *Life* magazine has labeled you the most hated woman in America. How does it feel to have gained such a reputation?

O'HAIR: There's a story behind that label that might interest you. Ralph Ginzburg, once editor of *Eros* and *Fact* magazines, was interested in my nut mail. There was one particular piece that a man had written me, which said, "I hate you; I will kill, kill, kill, kill, kill. . . ." It went on for pages. Ralph published this letter with all those words "kill, kill, kill," overlaid a drawing of me and titled it "The Most Hated Woman in America." Within one week *Life* magazine was down interviewing me. They were in competition with Ginzburg. And they stole his title. Isn't that extraordinary? Actually, I am one of the most loved women in the world. If people don't like me, that's their problem, not mine.

HUSTLER: So you don't feel you are America's most hated woman?

O'HAIR: I think it's an erroneous but catchy title, and one that would signal to the mass mind that it's both proper

and acceptable to hate me.

HUSTLER: How many attempts have there been on your life?

O'HAIR: Let me see. In Baltimore one bullet entered the back door of my automobile; another entered my living-room window, lodging in the sofa. In Hawaii a bullet came into the back bedroom and lodged in my pillow. When I had a smaller office with a glass front, a truck came by and someone threw in a concrete block that fell right beside me. Their aim was bad; the glass broke up

into little pieces like popcorn, but it didn't hurt me. Another time we had a man come in with a knife; I never knew I could run so fast. I really hauled my ass out of that office. So, yes, there've been at least five attempts so far. But since the Lord protects me, I don't need to worry (*laughing*).

HUSTLER: Why are you so dedicated to the cause of Atheism?

O'HAIR: Because it's the intellectual position that is going to be the basis for a viable lifestyle. Margaret Sanger was an Atheist; Elizabeth Cady Stanton was an Atheist; Florence Nightingale was an Atheist; Susan B. Anthony was an Atheist; Mark Twain was an Atheist. Atheists are persons pragmatically involved in the human lifestyle and social issues. This is the essence of Atheism.

We have always had great persons involved in the Atheist movement in America. The difficulty with every single Atheist movement is that they've all been structured around a unique personality, and when those unique personalities died, the movements died. Knowing this, being aware of it, I have decided that we are going to have an institution of Atheism rather than an emphasis on a particular individual. I

am now erecting that institution so that the death of a leader will not cause the movement itself to die.

HUSTLER: What is that institution?

O'HAIR: Our American Atheist Center. We've copyrighted the phrase "American Atheist" because I got so fed up with everybody telling me to go back to Russia. I think my biggest single victory so far is that I have separated the two, so that Americans know that Atheism is a position with respect to religion and that communism is an economic-political position.

HUSTLER: What are your expectations regarding life after death?

O'HAIR: Oh, you have to be kidding.

HUSTLER: No, we'd like to know.

O'HAIR: The unique individual personality that is Larry Flynt is stored biochemically in gray matter in your brain. When that gray matter physically deteriorates, the unique entity called Larry Flynt is done.

This is why it is so very important that the Atheist be a person who utilizes every single ability that he or she has, that he or she enlarges these abilities by education and experience, and lives life in-depth, constantly, 24 hours a day and in every direction. You've got only one go-around. If you waste today, I'm sorry—you're not going to pick it up in eternity.

Expectations of life after death? With

what kind of penis are you going to ejaculate or fornicate in heaven? With what eyes are you going to see, with what ears are you going to hear, with what lips and digestive tract are you going to enjoy yourself? With what brain are you going to think in this ephemeral place? It's like the tape on this tape recorder. Suppose we wipe it clean. Where is it? That's where your soul would be, Larry—gone, just like this input would be if we erased the tape.

HUSTLER: Why do you feel that down through the ages people have always worshipped or believed in some sort of God or another?

O'HAIR: After religion was established, the youngsters were seized, and this is the trouble even today. Let me give you an example. I'll use you. The very first prayer you ever said you said because your mother was cuddling you in her arms and kissing you and encouraging you, emotionally indoctrinating you into accepting an idea that was beyond your ability to comprehend. Let's take any normal prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, if I should die before I wake. . . ." What a horrible thing to teach a child!—but nonetheless, a universal little prayer.

When you first recited that, did you have the faintest idea what you were

talking about? Of course not, but your conditioning began when you were a sensitive child. You could tell that suddenly your mother's whole aura, her body aroma, changed when she gussed up and went from your nest, where all the smells and all the movements and routines were known to you, outside into another area, a church. Do you think that you didn't see your parents making deference to a particular thing? By the time you were a year old, you were done for. You were emotionally programmed. The miracle, if there be one, is that some of us have gotten out of the trap.

HUSTLER: Have you ever had at any time in your life, childhood or otherwise, a religious experience?

O'HAIR: I don't know. I was born into and reared in the Presbyterian church. So I went to Presbyterian Sunday school, and I loved it. I loved churches; they're the most beautiful buildings. I loved the church music, the stained-glass windows, the high polish of the furniture. I loved how everybody was clean when they went to church. When I went to Sunday school, I won every prize. Hell, I won them all. I was a great little kid. I knew everything, and everybody thought I was magnificent in church. I sang; I did everything. But I don't know if I had a religious experience; I cannot recall that.

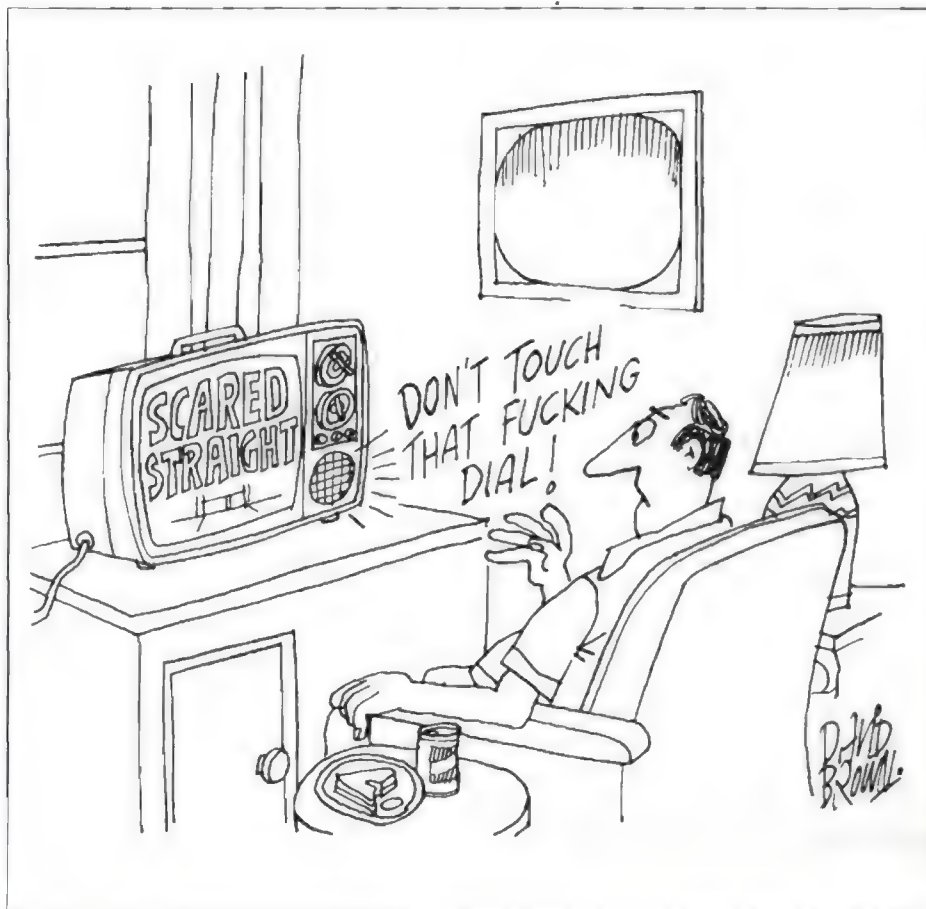
HUSTLER: Do you think Jesus Christ ever existed?

O'HAIR: No. He cannot be historically verified. I'm writing a book; it's called *Jesus Christ, Super Fraud*. There was no Jesus Christ. I can say that flatly because history bears me out. He's a mythological creature. Then I read in the paper that Larry Flynt is a born-again Christian. You cannot be a born-again Christian because all children are born Atheists, out of a uterus that is not Presbyterian or Catholic or Jewish or Moslem. All children are born Atheists and are conditioned into religion. So the only thing you can ever be is a *born-again Atheist*.

HUSTLER: When did you become a born-again Atheist, and what was the experience like?

O'HAIR: There's a myth that Atheists undergo a traumatic experience and that out of that experience they "turn against God." This isn't true. No Atheists I know have ever come by that route. We all become Atheists the same way, almost every single one of us—by reading.

I'm bright, with the incurable disease of reading; I read everything. During the Depression, when I was ten, I didn't have anything to read one weekend, and





GILPIN

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Knotty Lady

She Can Really Tie Things Up!



Photography by Clive McLean









SEX IN AMSTERDAM

Report by Rudy Maxa



Go to an X-rated movie in Amsterdam and you're likely to be ushered to your seat by a prim, elderly and nattily dressed woman with a flashlight. She'll be grateful for a small tip. Between the previews of coming attractions and the main feature she'll patrol the aisles, quietly selling ice-cream bars.

That's what the sex business is like in Amsterdam, a city that approaches fleshly pleasures in a straightforward, sensible way. The Dutch have a favorite word, *gezellig*, which means "cozy."

They like to be cozy; their homes, offices, restaurants and even commuter trains (which have reproductions of famous artworks even in the second-class compartments) reflect this national quest for *gezellig*.

That helps to explain the kindly lady in the porn theater. That is why the prostitutes who display themselves so boldly in townhouse windows in Nieuwmarkt, the red-light district, often keep small dogs at their sides for company. Drop a guilder in a private booth in

an adult-book store that features nude women cavorting on a raised platform, and in addition to the dancing women you might see a puppy snoozing in the corner and some knitting set aside for the dancers' rest breaks. Or visit one of the city's whorehouses, and—though the parlor may be dimly lit—you'll see fresh-cut flowers everywhere.

The Netherlands is an entire nation that has decided commercial sex need not be the smarmy, furtive industry other countries have made it. And



Amsterdam, the old city of canals, can arguably be called the erotic capital of the Western world. True, in its day Paris had some risqué stage shows. Several major German cities now boast "sex supermarkets." And Rome's street-walkers constitute a small army of women whose uniform is the tight dress. But only in Amsterdam is the selling of sex so open and, sometimes, so downright pleasant.

The result: a city where an occasional mugging is big news, where the red-light district also serves as a desirable residential neighborhood and where the hookers register with police and pay income tax.

Is this any way to run a metropolis? You bet it is.

"You Americans," chides Margaret, a blond Dutch treat who sells her favors in the heart of Nieuwmarkt. She is considering a visitor's surprised reaction to the open sex market in her hometown, and again she says, "You Americans." She taps her left hand to her right elbow as she adds, "Sneaky, hidden. All you Americans must sneak around. You do not like to see anything." She covers her green eyes with her hand, parting two fingers to peek through. "It's very silly."

In fact, although America's sleazy Times Square approach to commercial sex seems laughable to the Dutch, even

the most worldly are stunned at their introduction to the city's red-light district. In the center of the old port section of town is De Walletjes, an area dominated by the Old Church, a massive cathedral literally ringed with whores and porn shops. You can easily spot the tourists—they're the ones shocked by the contrast.

Walking from the church, you may wander for blocks along two canals. Brick bridges arch across the waterways; swans float gracefully on the water. The neighborhood is like most in the crowded city of Amsterdam: row upon row of renovated townhouses. Except that these townhouses have women posing in picture windows on the first floor. Young women middle-aged women, very old women. Women in evening gowns, bathing suits, black lingerie, baby-doll pajamas, jeans and silk blouses, tailored suits, bras and panties, corsets with lacy garter belts and seamed stockings. Friendly, bored, flirtatious, mean. Day or night, seven days a week, window-shopping in this section of town takes on a salacious new meaning.

Margaret's place of business is on a small alley. Like those of most of her neighbors, her window is illuminated by red fluorescent lighting even on sunny afternoons. Margaret works a day shift, from noon until about 5 or 6 p.m.

She stands in her window, clad in tiny black panties and a black nylon camisole that leaves her midriff and shoulders bare. She is lean, striking, with perfect teeth and streaked blond hair. Knock on her door and you'll find her price is similar to that of most of the other younger, attractive women in the district: \$25 for 20 minutes of man-on-top-of-woman fucking. For another \$25 you may purchase the services of her mouth.

If the price is agreeable—there is relatively little bargaining with the window women—Margaret will invite you inside. She will draw the red-velvet curtain across the window to let other strollers know she is busy, hang your coat on a hook on the back of her door and glance at the electric clock on the wall. If you appear clean, she'll not bother to wash you in the sink that—apart from the metal-frame bed (a single) and a wardrobe—is the room's only major furnishing.

American rock music plays on her FM radio. Around the room—which is about half the size of a modern, suburban American kitchen—are seven small lamps, five with red bulbs, two with yellow. A dazzling confusion of extension cords serves the lamps and snakes behind the bed to an outlet. For art a picture of a sprawled dog and a color poster of two elephants suffice.

Margaret says that she is just over 30 and that she's been a prostitute for about ten years. Her English is perfect. Most of her clients are Dutch, British, German and American, in that order.

Lately Margaret and her co-workers have faced competition from the arrival of two nightclubs featuring live sex shows. The largest establishment is the Casa Rosa, part of a sex empire built by a man known to police, residents and businessmen as *Zwartepopie*, or Black Johnny. Black Johnny is named for his dark hair and swarthy, ample flesh. It's said he always wears a black cap, the result of an unfortunate encounter in the 1950s with a group of rowdy Algerians. Legend has it that the Algerians, angry over an earlier fight they lost to Black Johnny, jumped him one night and scalped him.

"In the red-light district there is a centering of people who were born there, live there and sort of control it," says an Amsterdam man who once ran porn shops. "If you want to start a shop, you go to the big boss and make a deal."

Black Johnny, who police suspect got his start as a pimp about 15 years ago, is said to be one of those to whom porn dealers pay tribute of up to \$100 a week.

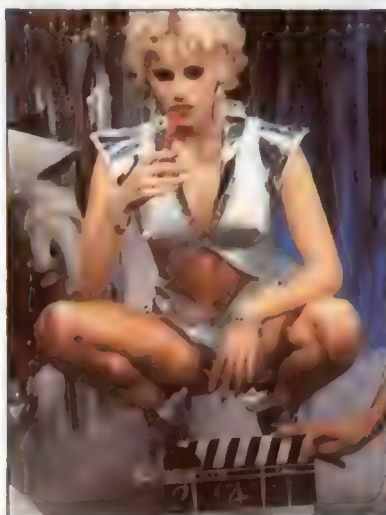
(continued on page 68)





STAR VIRGIN

**HUSTLER'S
MOVIE OF
THE YEAR**



This well-photographed, nicely scored, witty, skillfully handled film easily qualifies as HUSTLER's Movie of the Year. *Star Virgin* is composed of four unique and imaginative vignettes tied together by a story-telling robot. The robot teaches HUSTLER's December 1978 centerfold, Kari Klark (pictured here), about sex by telling her stories of the past filled with misinformation and myth. A highly entertaining film, *Star Virgin* effectively combines parody, humor and steamy sex.



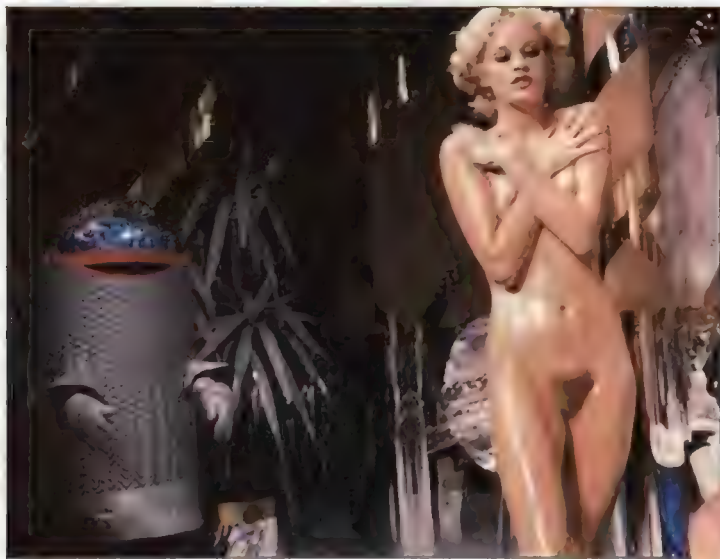
Put together a can of peaches, Tracy Walton, Rocky Johnson and a '37 Olds convertible and they make for an erotic, syrupy, highly enticing moment. This first of the film's four vignettes takes place in the Garden of Eden Amusement Park, where Adam and Eve, a high-school couple, have come to while away some time. We can't help but wonder whether it's the peaches or Tracy's tasty pussy that represents the forbidden fruit.

The lady on the gold bedspread (right) is our own Kari Klark, who has become so turned on by the robot's stories that she masturbates her way in the final scene to a remarkable, wonderfully tasteless orgasm.

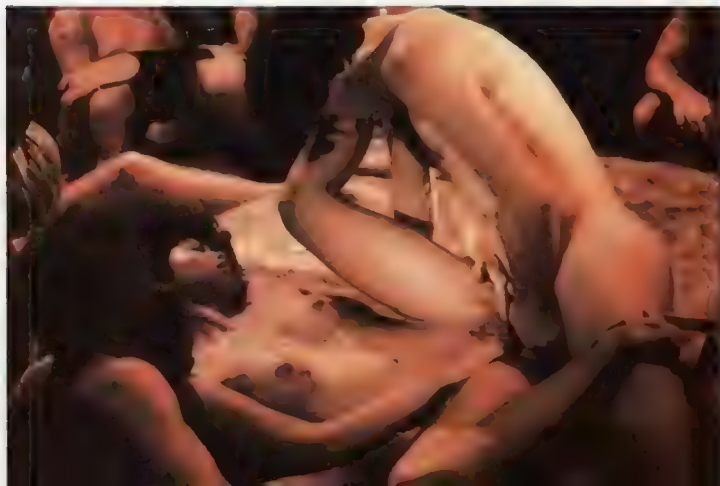


In the second vignette Prissy (Jeanette Harlowe), stranded with her boyfriend Percy on a lonely country road, has unwittingly taken refuge in a haunted castle. There Count Dracula (Johnny Harden) and his lumbering hunchback servant, Igor (Tricky Dickey), stop at nothing to make her feel at home. The parody of the '40s-era monster film works perfectly. Later, Igor, in keeping with his appropriate persona, signals victory in a fashion becoming a true ghoul. Dracula, however, steals the show with his fierce and monstrous erection. True to '40s movies, Percy (Chris Hale) triumphs in the end, rescuing his girl and destroying the Count and Igor.





Kari (above), the lone survivor of the human race, listens to the erotic tales told by her robot tutor. In another vignette (below) Zen Kitty is seen in one of the steamiest orgy sequences ever put on film.






See ad on Page IV

Inga

POOLSIDE PLEASURES



Photography by Suze Randall

A full-page photograph of a woman with wet, blonde hair, seen from the back and side. She is in a pool, with her hands resting on the edge. The background is a solid reddish-orange color.

Swedish-born Inga is into watersports, and has been ever since she first experienced the breaststroke. Her interests run to older men because, as she puts it, "They're not wet behind the ears."







HUSTLER'S HONEY
OCTOBER 1979







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Batman met Superman on the street one day and noticed that the Man of Steel's cape was torn and that he was covered with bruises. When Batman asked him what had happened, Superman replied, "I was flying over the city and spotted Batwoman sunbathing, lying naked and spread-legged on her rooftop. I wasn't about to miss a great opportunity, so I whipped out my pecker, flew down and landed right between her legs."

"Was she surprised?" asked Batman.

"Not half as surprised as the Invisible Man was!"

A woman went to a clinic for artificial insemination. When she got there, she was shocked to see the staff physician walking around without any pants on.

"Doctor, what's the meaning of this outrage?"

"I'm sorry, madam," he answered curtly, "but we're out of the bottled stuff today. You'll have to settle for draft."

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *redneck* as: a good ol' boy who'll screw a black girl but won't go to school with her.

Two merchants were talking. One asked, "How do you sell so many lawnmowers?"

"Well," the other one replied, "when someone asks for a bag of grass seed, I mention that when the grass grows they'll need a lawnmower."

The first man vowed to give it a try. A short time later a woman entered his store and asked for some tampons. Returning with the box, the proprietor asked her if she might also be interested in a lawnmower.

"Why would I need a lawnmower?" the woman inquired.

"Well," the store-owner told her, "since you can't fuck, you might just as well cut the grass!"

Flash, the neighborhood pimp, came home and found his wife lying naked and exhausted on a rumpled bed with a damp towel thrown over the foot of it. "What's going on, honey?" he asked.

"I've just had the misery something terrible," she explained. "Couldn't get outa bed all day."

"An' what's that towel doin' there?"

"I had it on my head, that's all."

Flash slowly pulled out a large razor and began stropping it.

"What're you gonna do with that razor, Sugar Puss?" asked his wife nervously.

"If that towel dries out soft," said Flash, "I'm gonna shave!"

A sex researcher was asking a pretty redhead about her sex habits for a survey he was conducting. "Do you ever have intercourse in the daytime?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, "about three times a week."

"And during those times do you and your husband talk?" he asked.

"No," she responded, "but I suppose we could. I do have his phone number at work!"

The **HUSTLER** Dictionary defines *vibrators* as: toys for twats.

Two Polacks walked into a bar, and the bartender asked, "What has four legs and stinks?"

The Polacks replied that they didn't know.

"You and your friend!" the bartender said.

Later the two Polacks left the bar and approached two men on the street. One Polack said to them, "What has four legs and stinks?"

"I don't know, what?" said one of the men.

"Me and my friend!"

In class one day the teacher asked little Billy who wrote the Declaration of Independence. His reply was, "I don't know and I don't give a damn!"

Angered but managing to restrain herself, the teacher asked him again. He repeated, "I don't know and I don't give a damn!"

Losing patience, the teacher took Billy down to the principal's office and explained what had happened. The principal asked, "Billy, for the last time now, tell me who wrote the Declaration of Independence!"

"I don't know and I don't give a damn!" the boy still maintained.

So the principal called Billy's father and asked him to come in, explaining that the boy refused to answer a question.

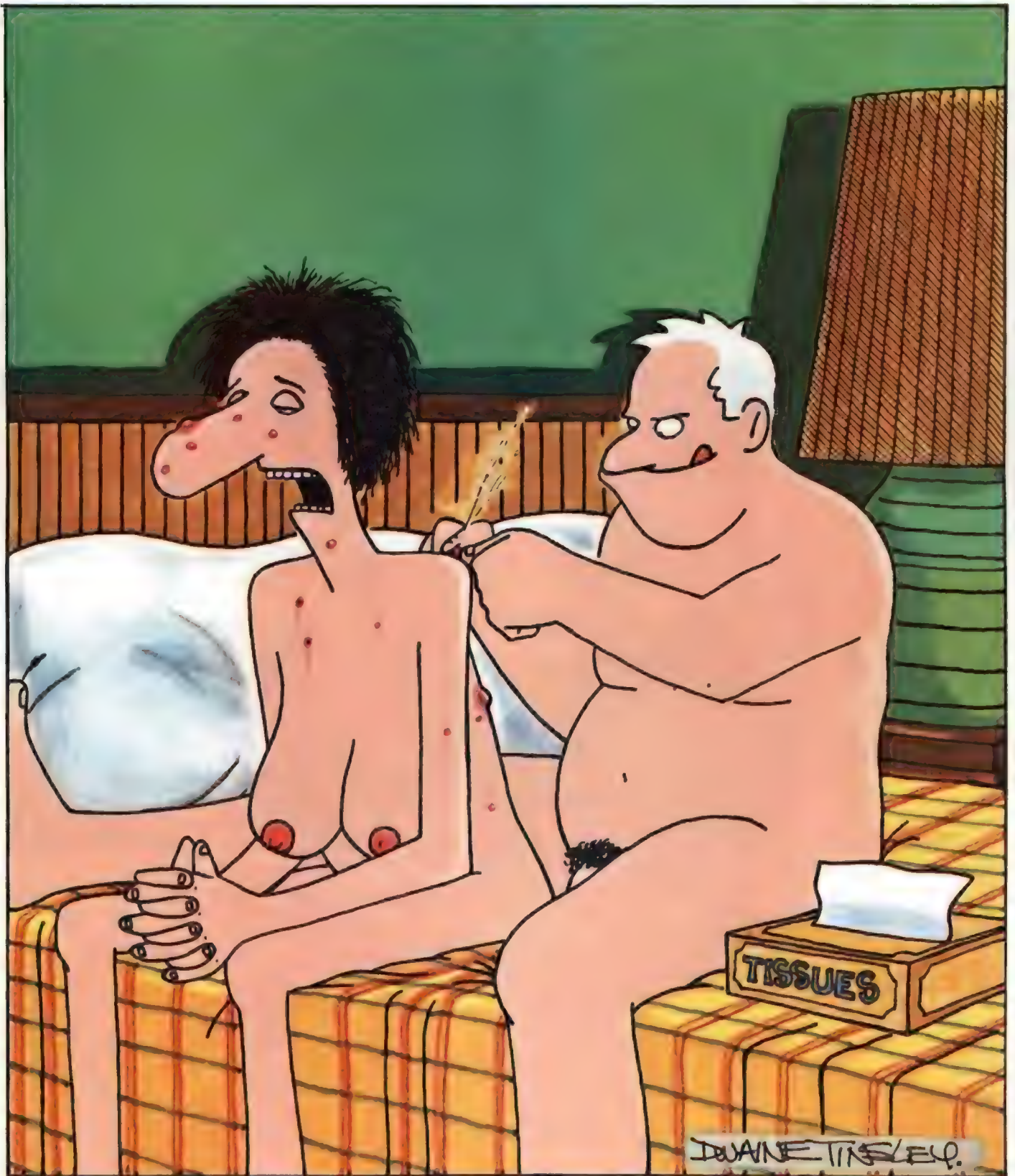
When the boy's father arrived, he asked the principal what the question was. "Who wrote the Declaration of Independence?" the principal said.

Suddenly the father grabbed Billy. "Dammit, son, if you wrote that thing, you'd sure as hell better tell him!"



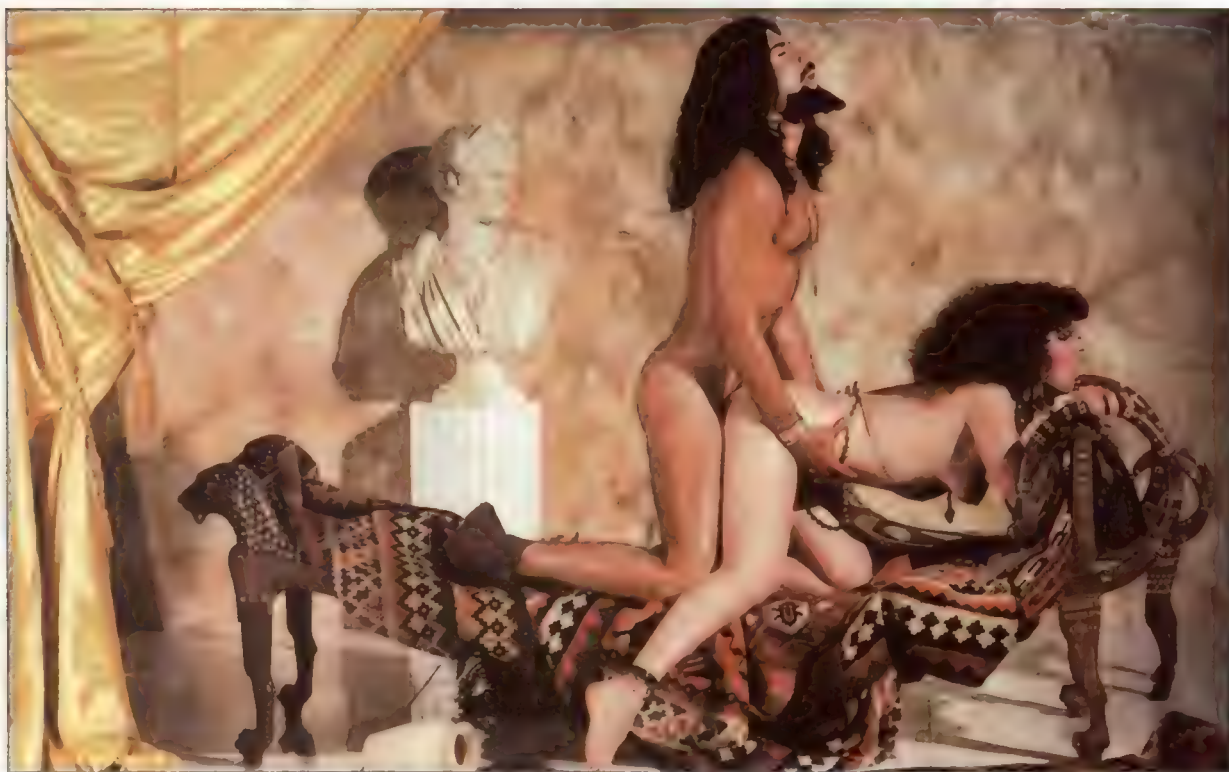
***HUSTLER** Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, how about sending it our way? Submit your joke on a file card, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: **HUSTLER** Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. If your joke is selected, we will send you \$25. Sorry, but we can't return submissions.*

CHESTER & HESTER



"No, your squeezing my zits is not my idea of lighthearted foreplay!"

Holy Hookers



Is God against pornography? Lots of people out there are telling us, "Yes, the Bible tells us so." Hookers and their work are sinful, works of the devil, they say. (Pornography means "hooker writing.") They want you to burn this magazine. But are they interpreting the Good Book correctly? Let's have a little Bible lesson. Even if you've never opened a Bible, you all know who Abraham was. He was the father of faith for Judaism, Christianity and Islam. But what most people don't know about Abraham was that he made his fortune pimping his beautiful wife, Sarah, at the court of Pharaoh. Incredible? Maybe, but it's all right there in Genesis, the first book of the Bible.

A short time after leaving home with his wife, servants and flocks, Abraham fell on hard times. His animals were dying. He was going broke. His best chance, he reckoned, was to go to Egypt. But who was going to pay the bills? That's where Sarah came in.

(Now those of you who are going to check the story in your Bible, be sure you've got a modern translation. Better still, compare the modern translation with the traditional King James Version, now nearly 300 years old. That'll give you some idea of how all those good folks down through the ages have tended to tidy up Scripture to suit the moral standards of their times.)

Commentary by Humphry Knipe

Broke, a long way from home, Abraham put sexy Sarah to work. "Say you are my sister," he told her, "that it may go well with me because of you" (Genesis 12:13). The Bible's excuse for this deception is that Abraham feared that jealous Egyptians would kill him if they knew he was married to Sarah. This sounds pretty weak anyway coming to us from an era when rich men had many wives and concubines. But it comes close to downright whitewashing when you consider what follows. The simple truth is that a pretty sister is a much more attractive prospect for other men than a wife.

Once in Egypt, Abraham wasted no time showing off his sexy "sister" to wealthy Egyptians: "When Abraham entered Egypt, the Egyptians saw that the woman was very beautiful. And when the princes of Pharaoh saw her, they praised her to Pharaoh. And the woman was taken into Pharaoh's house. And for her sake he dealt well with Abraham; and he had sheep, oxen, he-asses, menservants, maidservants, she-asses and camels."

OK, we've all heard that you can read anything you like into the Bible. It could be that Pharaoh was just a nice, warm, big-hearted guy who liked having a beautiful, "just friends" houseguest and gave her "brother" a fortune in presents for the privilege. But what gives the lie to this stroke of whitewash is the Bible itself: "But the Lord afflicted Pharaoh and his house with great plagues because of Sarah, Abraham's wife" (Genesis 12:17).

Poor Pharaoh! This guy came along with a red-hot lady he said was his sister. The ruler took her in, screwed the shit out of her and then found out not only was she the guy's wife but that her husband had this real honcho god, Jehovah, who laid into the Egyptian with plagues for something he didn't even know he was doing! Why didn't this Jehovah inflict the plagues on Abraham instead? I mean, he was the cat who told all the lies and got rich off immoral earnings.

So Pharaoh sent for Abraham. "What is this you have done to me?" he asked with tears in his eyes. "Why did you not tell me she was your wife? Why did you say, 'She is my sister,' so that I took her for my wife?" (Genesis 12:18).

There it is, plain as daylight. Sarah was no "just friends" houseguest. Pharaoh took her as his "wife," which is just a nice way of saying "concubine" or, yes, hooker—in this case a hooker working God's will.

Check the story out for yourself. And if you're using the old King James Version, you'll get a really neat bit of word-bending as a nonoptional extra. Where the modern, more accurate translation has Pharaoh saying: "... so that I took her as my wife" (meaning I laid her), those good old boys of King James cleaned up the language and had Pharaoh saying "... so I might have taken her to me to wife" (meaning I nearly laid her). Nice work, guys. For nearly 300 years there was Pharaoh just about to screw Sarah but not doing so. It's a pleasure to set the record straight.

Pharaoh was a nice guy too. Instead of shafting Abraham for the lies and the plagues, he gave him and Sarah cattle, silver and gold and sent them on their way to discover the Promised Land (Genesis 13:2). Did Egyptian President

Anwar Sadat remind Israeli Prime Minister Menachem Begin at Camp David that an Egyptian king gave the first Jew the cash to go out there and buy into what later became Israel?

So Abraham was some simple shepherd-type who got scared that people were going to kill him to get to his desirable wife and was just carried away by events out of his control. Not so. The Bible says that Abraham and Sarah came from Ur, and Ur was no one-ass town.

Under the benign guidance of the great Love Goddess and her consort, the Moon God, the ancient, mighty and wise city of Ur was perhaps the most ribald place in history. The city was the library of the ancient world, situated in cosmopolitan Babylonia—famed for its towers and confusion of tongues. In Babylonia the cult of the Love Goddess extended to every female citizen. Before a girl was considered ready for marriage, she had to be confirmed in the worship of the Love Goddess—and here is what her initiation ceremony consisted of:

The girls went to the temple on an appointed day and sat in rows in the temple grounds. Men eager for action roamed this sex supermarket, and each selected a girl who took his fancy. The girl was then required to prostitute herself to her patron as soon as he paid the Love Goddess one piece of silver. Unattractive girls sometimes waited days to be selected. But a pretty girl like Abraham's future wife Sarah wouldn't have been kept waiting long. So right from her early teens the mother of the chosen people would have had firsthand experience with a type of religious devotion widespread in the ancient world: sacred prostitution, or what we are calling Holy Hooking.

For someone brought up in a culture in which eroticism and religion are represented as opposite poles of the universe, it's hard to believe that you once went to a place of worship to get your rocks off. Unlike shady ladies of the night—reviled, abused, imprisoned—the Holy Hookers met their clients at the temple and did their business right in the shadow of the altar.

Oh, no—no guilt, no shame, no fear of the wife finding out or the neighbors talking. When the Holy Hooker took you in her arms, she became the Love Goddess incarnate. You were making love, not just to a person, but to a person who was transformed through religious belief into the earthly equivalent of the Eternal Feminine. Through this Holy Virgin you were on the phone directly to God.

Every country in the ancient world had its love temples staffed by Holy Hookers. Such prostitution survives in India and a few primitive societies that have not felt the sting of Christianity. Although not blessed, she survives, God's expression of Himself through sex. She no longer arouses what must have been a divine combination of religious and sexual feelings, but what *does* arouse religious feeling in most people these days?

Where is she, the modern shadow of what was once a glorious and honored calling? You'll find her walking the streets of a red-light district, stripping in a club, a sex symbol in a movie... and yes, folks, you'll find her right here, between the pages of this magazine. Say a prayer to Love through her. You may be praying that she returns with full power and in all her glory.

SEX IN AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 50)

"It's a token of respect. It's not the money that counts," says the former store manager. To make certain that such respect is paid, some of Black Johnny's lieutenants train and stay in shape at a martial-arts school, Oyama, located in Nieuwmarkt.

But if Black Johnny rules by fast fists, it's not evident in his Casa Rosa nightclub, where the doormen are gentlemen and the atmosphere is comfortable. This Caesars Palace of the live-sex industry is housed in a five-story townhouse that has 12 front windows covered with paintings of pink elephants wearing red ties and a heart at the end of each trunk. For an \$18 ticket, customers are treated, for openers, to a series of acts, each more raunchy than the preceding one.

As British, Irish and German businessmen watch from three rows of seats around an intimate stage ("within smelling distance," as one of them notes), the first act begins with a stout brunette doing a striptease. Sometimes she steps off the stage to embrace with her breasts the faces of men sitting in the front row. The close-up seating allows the mostly male audience to see exactly how much of an empty Remy Martin bottle the woman in the second act can slide inside her after applying some lubricat-

ing jelly. The background music: "Heaven Must Be Like This."

A lesbian act follows the woman who makes love to a stuffed elephant whose trunk is an oversized dildo. The finale features a pair of women dressed in black leather who prance to an Ian Dury tune. In time with the chorus—"Hit me with your rhythm stick!"—the women whack a man dressed in a gorilla suit with a black riding crop. The hapless "gorilla," apparently incensed, unzips his fly and ravishes both women.

For the curtain call all the women appear naked on stage to dance to a disco tune by Musique called "In the Bush." The chorus to this song—"Push, push, in the bush!"—prompts a lot of frolicking through the audience by the assembled cast. Like men at any American burlesque house, most of the audience behaves like shy schoolboys—with the exception of one elderly British gent seated with his wife. He misses no opportunity to nibble on a passing nipple or to massage an available bare ass. Mum just sits and laughs at her husband's boldness.

Then the audience is shepherded upstairs to a slightly larger room, where four couples are making love on white shag carpeting on a stage bathed in red light. Their movements are slow and—except for one wisecracking male partner—quite serious. If the expres-

sions of passion are simulated, the acts most definitely are not.

Now all this could lead one to the conclusion that the Dutch are an undisciplined people who have spit in the eye of most of the rest of the world by legalizing prostitution. Both assumptions would be wrong. As a people, the Dutch are considered by others to be a nation of sober, hard-working, maybe even slightly boring men and women adept in the art of business. After all, exploring the globe and making shrewd trades are part of a Dutchman's heritage and strength. Who do you think bought Manhattan from the Indians and named the place New Amsterdam? And contrary to what a visitor's eyes may tell his brain, prostitution is illegal in the Netherlands.

"Technically, it's illegal; local laws forbid prostitution, yes," says a detective charged with policing the red-light district. So why doesn't he make arrests? The detective smiles. "The politics of the moment dictate that prostitution is to be tolerated," he explains. "The city fathers are pleased it is localized, that it is in the open where authorities can keep watch. And also," says the detective, "some of the city fathers enjoy sampling the local product now and then."

Add to that Amsterdam's traditional reputation as an open city where differing lifestyles are tolerated by the populace, and you have one rollicking burg. The only women subject to arrest for prostitution these days are streetwalkers who fail to register with the police. Working women must be Dutch citizens (some foreigners arrange to marry a citizen to circumvent that rule), and they are required to register and be photographed at police headquarters.

From that point on a woman may choose to rent a room with a view in the red-light district, or she may opt for variations on the main theme. Outcall prostitution flourishes. A former textile worker began a high-priced call-girl service that he brings to the attention of well-heeled travelers by buying small, illuminated signs on lamp posts near expensive hotels.

Whoever you call, you'll get straight answers to your questions. Yes, the price includes fucking. None of this hazy promising that "you'll be completely satisfied," which American outcall massage services must employ to slide out of the noose of the law. In Amsterdam you're told upfront whether tipping is necessary for sex or not. It's that kind of city.

Sex has flourished more or less in the open during the 700 years this port city
(continued on page 78)

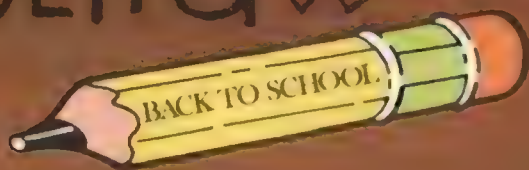


"Really? You don't think it's too sporty for me?"



"I thought I warned you about swallowing bubble gum!"

Lolita



The Lolita complex is one of the most common sexual fantasies of the heterosexual male. Many men fantasize about having sex with young girls — which is taboo in today's society. But many wives and girlfriends gratify and fulfill their men's fantasies by dressing and acting like adolescent girls . . . wearing pigtails and bobby socks. It's a harmless fantasy carried out by two adults. And, as our own Lolita reports, she too enjoys playing a little girl with her boyfriend.





See ad on Page 11













SEX IN AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 68)

has existed. In the days of trading ships, when boats groaning with spices from the East entered the harbor, the trading companies would send whores out to greet the incoming vessels. The ships would dock outside the city for a night so the crew could party in the company of professional women, all paid for by their employers.

The reasoning was that horny sailors might create such a ruckus and be so eager to rip the clothes off their wives waiting at the dock that the beastliness of it all would not be a pretty sight. Better the men should vent their pent-up lust and arrive home sated and reasonable. Quite clever, those Dutch.

Today sailors still frequent the red-light district, and sometimes the going can get rough. One American member of the merchant marine visited a whore and, after removing his clothes, was jumped by a couple of thugs waiting to steal his money. Fortunately, his shipmates were waiting outside, and when he hurled a piece of furniture through the curtained front window, his buddies swarmed in and reversed the tide of battle.

But Nieuwmarkt is mostly a peaceful place. During the day sturdy Dutch mothers do their shopping as their

children play around them, seemingly oblivious to the near-naked flesh adorning the windows overlooking the streets. No one seems offended by the garish signs outside some clubs promising REAL FUCKY FUCKY.

But for real class and comfort nothing less than an Amsterdam whorehouse will do.

One of the most expensive bordellos in the city is the Societeit Chatterley, and its way of doing business mirrors the fantasies of American men who think the old-fashioned cathouse is a relic of history. At the Chatterley attractive, multilingual women await the tilt of a man's head to summon them for sex.

Telephone the Chatterley for an appointment. At a designated time a chauffeured car will deliver you to a townhouse a few blocks from the Leidseplein, a well-known square near hotels, a concert hall and restaurants and far removed from Nieuwmarkt. On the door is a small brass plaque with the name of the establishment. Behind a reception desk in the foyer a man in a tuxedo will welcome you, collect your \$125, hand you a small plastic card and explain the house rules: All drinks are free all night for both you and any woman you ask to join you. By presenting your plastic card to a woman any time during the evening (hours are from 8 p.m. until 4 a.m.), you will be entitled

to spend an hour in a private room upstairs making love.

"I would suggest," says the receptionist, "you have a seat at the bar, relax, have a drink, become familiar with the place and take your time admiring the girls before you choose a date." And with that advice you are ushered into the club.

The Chatterley is a place of low, red lights and champagne buckets overflowing with fresh flowers. (The Dutch, purveyors of tulips and other flowers to the world, consider artificial flowers bad luck and in bad taste, so only the real McCoy will do—even in a whorehouse.)

On one side of the room is a bar with about a dozen stools. A bartender in a tuxedo mans the bar and changes the rock and disco records on an expensive turntable wedged between bottles of liquor. On the opposite side of the room are the women—16 of them chatting among themselves on a red, high-backed sofa that lines an entire wall perhaps 25 feet in length. The women are dressed in cocktail dresses or evening gowns—nothing informal here. Lots of black stockings and expensive high heels. With their hair perfectly coiffed, their fingernails tapered and painted, they resemble the "college students, stewardesses and models" that so many American outcall-sex services advertise but rarely deliver. If you can afford it, this is surely the way to travel.

None of the women will approach you. There's no hustling for drinks here—they're on the house anyway, remember? If you spot a woman you'd like to get to know better, ask her to join you at the bar. If you're the shy type, a hostess will arrange a polite introduction if you but whisper your choice in her ear.

If the bar is crowded, your date may suggest you join her on the sofa. From there you get a better view of the erotic movies and cartoons that are projected sporadically on the wall. And twice an evening a couple will take center stage in the middle of the floor and perform a live sex show—in case you haven't been getting into the spirit of the place.

Your date expertly gets you into the spirit of the Chatterley without making you feel rushed: a slight touch of her fingers on your thigh during conversation, a natural encircling of your hand with hers when you both laugh at a ribald movie.

There is no hurry to go upstairs; the evening seems unlimited, and though she's probably gone through it all a hundred times before, your date can answer in flawless English all your tourist questions about her country. It certainly

(continued on page 107)



"So how was your day, dear?"



"Do you have to do that during the ballgame?"

LOSERS

Fiction by Ben Pesta

"Watch it go down," LeMaster said.

The three of us stared intently at the beakerful of Clorox bleach. The tiny rock of compressed white powder was drifting ever-so-slowly toward the bottom of the beaker. Trailing behind it, so small and faint you couldn't see it unless you knew what to look for, was a thin, pale ribbon of pink.

"That pink means the shit's cut with speed," LeMaster said, "but it ain't cut much. Dennis, I'd say that what we have here is 85 to 90% pure cocaine."

I nodded my agreement. LeMaster's \$300 cowboy boots gleamed with an immaculate shine, but I could see behind the polish. What I saw was the dust from hundreds of miles of trails through the hills of Bolivia and Peru. Dust, and a few bloodstains.

LeMaster turned to the third member of our party. "Angie," he told the blonde offhandedly, "mix us some martinis."

Angie moved obediently toward the kitchen of LeMaster's elegant brown-

stone on New York City's fashionable East 65th Street. Her big breasts, unrestrained by gravity or the thin fabric of her blouse, bobbed as she walked. Angie was so damned good-looking she made you want to eat tacks.

LeMaster turned his attention to me. "Dennis," he said. "I have some friends waiting for this stuff in L.A. I want you on the first plane out of Kennedy in the morning. You already have a reservation at the Beverly Hills Hotel. When you get there, go to your room and wait. They'll call you and tell you what they want you to do."

"How much this time?" I asked.

"Five pounds," LeMaster smiled. It would be far and away the biggest load I'd ever hauled for him.

"That's—" I began.

"A hundred thousand dollars," LeMaster finished my sentence for me. "Mind you don't lose it,





Dennis. Ten thousand of that is yours."

Angie walked back into the living room carrying a tray of martinis. I couldn't help but notice the way her hips swayed. She was moving two feet sideways for every one foot forward.

"Thanks, baby," LeMaster said without looking at her. He picked up a stemmed glass and took a sip. Suddenly his face contorted into a mask of rage. He spun on his heel and slapped Angie on the face, hard. The sound reverberated like a pistol shot, even though LeMaster's carpet was an inch-and-a-half thick. "You stupid cunt," LeMaster snarled. "You put too much fucking vermouth in these!"

I started to move forward to grab him. Then I stopped myself. *What the hell, I thought. Another day, another ten grand.*

Angie picked herself up off the floor. Tears were starting to well up in her eyes. LeMaster, his fury gone as quickly as a flash flood in a desert canyon, said quietly, "Now drive Mr. Dennis home like a good girl, Angie." He reached in his pocket and handed her his keys. "Take my car," he added.

We parked LeMaster's Porsche 928 on a dimly lit block of East 55th Street. We'd decided to stop at P. J. Clarke's on the way to my place in the Village. I wanted a drink; Angie wanted to use the rest room to fix her face.

I carried the cocaine in five plastic bags in my briefcase. A briefcase attracts no attention, and you can hang onto it wherever you go. Sometimes the obvious hiding places are the best.

We turned into the side entrance of Clarke's. Angie headed for the women's john, and I steered for my usual table in the back under the clock. (It's actually Frank Sinatra's table, but I use it when he's not in town.) As I sat down, I made sure that both my feet were planted firmly on the floor, about four inches apart, and that my briefcase was wedged firmly between my heels. It'd be hard to explain the loss of five pounds of coke to LeMaster, and I knew I wouldn't get more than a few seconds to make excuses.

I ordered drinks, and the waiter brought them around just as Angie arrived at my table. When she sat, her breasts rested on the tabletop.

"That looks a lot better," I said, because she did, even though her cheek was still red where LeMaster had hit her.

"Thanks, Mike," she said hollowly. "Sometimes I'd like to kill that psycho."

"Why do you stay with him?" I asked.

Angie sighed. Her chest moved off the tabletop, then came to rest again. That sigh must've taken some effort. "Hell, I

don't know," she answered. "Where would I go? What would I do? When I took up with LeMaster, I was 19 years old, strung out on speed and peddling my ass on lower Park Avenue. I ran away from home when I was 15 'cause my stepfather had developed a habit of coming into my room late at night and making me kiss his pecker. I couldn't tell my mom; she wouldn't have believed me, and he would have whaled the shit out of me if he found out I'd told.

"So somehow I never learned any skills to make a living with—except the obvious one. With LeMaster I have a roof over my head, a warm bed to sleep in, money to spend and all the coke I can toot. And if he knocks me around occasionally, it's no more than what I was used to growing up."

She looked me in the eye. "How about you, Mike?" she asked. "You've been working for LeMaster for—what is it, two years now? Why do *you* stay with him?"

"The money," I said frankly. "When I was a kid, stealing cars seemed like a good way to make some bread. I was a stupid punk, I got caught, and the judge gave me a choice between jail or a hitch in the Marines. Three years later I came back from Vietnam with a bad-conduct discharge, 20 pounds of Thai weed in my ditty bag, and a 50-buck-a-day heroin habit.

"As you can imagine, employers weren't exactly beating down Mike Dennis's door. So I sold grass for a while, got busted, did a year, then decided to wise up and go where the money is. You meet a better class of people selling coke, even if they tend to carry guns. After hustling on my own for a couple of years I was recruited by LeMaster. And the rest, like they say, is history."

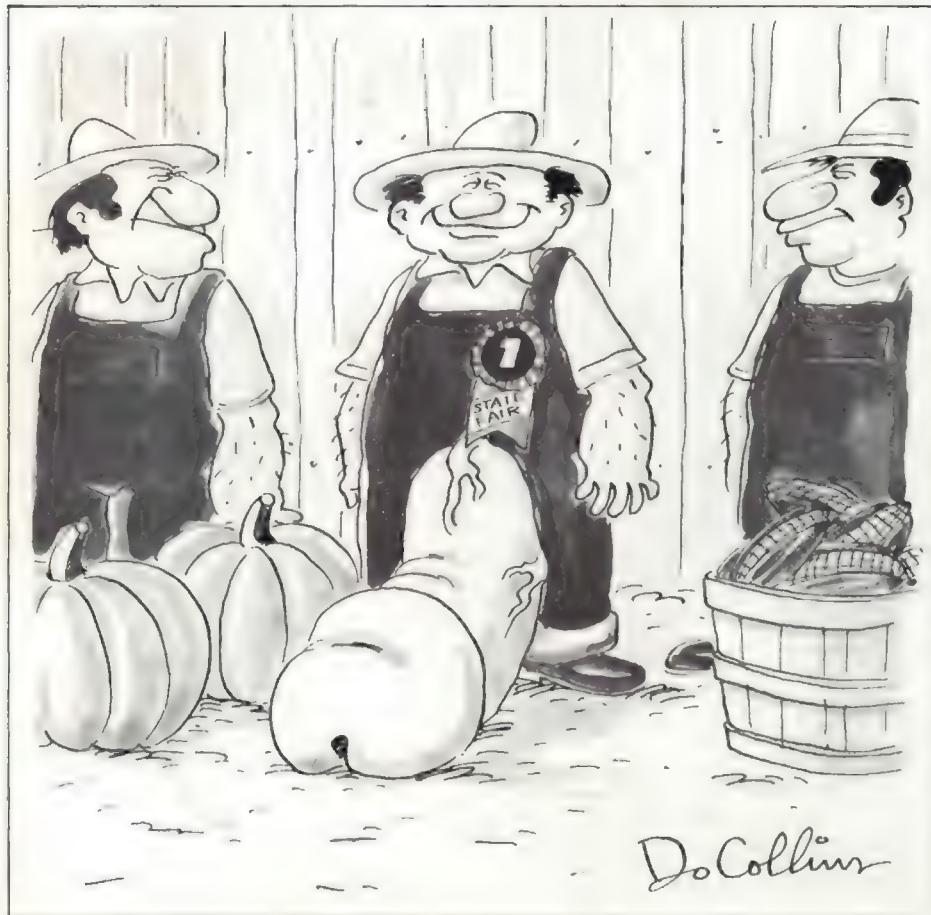
Angie gave me a funny little half-smile. "We're a couple of losers, all right," she said.

I laid a fiver on the table. "Let's go," I said. "It's late, and I have a long day tomorrow."

We walked out of Clarke's and headed down 55th Street toward the East River. Just down the street I noticed a black wino covered with puke lying in the gutter. As we came toward the bum, we edged toward the building side of the sidewalk, to avoid stepping on him. We'd just gotten past him when I heard a quick, shuffling sound. I glanced over my right shoulder and saw the wino standing up and moving toward us.

I shoved Angie behind me, back against the wall of the building, and

(continued on page 90)

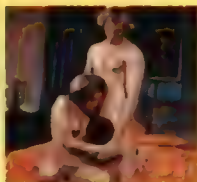


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MAKING WAVES

This couple is cooling off while they're getting hot. She can make anybody go down for the third time, so it's no surprise that he's diving right in.











LOSERS

(continued from page 82)

clutched my briefcase like a drowning man clutching a life raft. From out of nowhere a knife sprang into the wino's hand. He was smiling in a way I didn't like.

"Come on, white boy," the wino said. "Give it up."

I could hear Angie's breath coming in gasps behind me. Come to think of it, maybe it was *my* breath. "What is this?" I asked, trying to sound tough.

"You know fuckin' good what it is, honky motherfucker," said the wino, who was now looking *very* alert. "That briefcase. I want it." His body had gone into a fighting crouch: legs spread apart, knees bent, the knife in his right hand, his left hand held out and away from his body to ward off any punches. He seemed pretty sure I wasn't carrying any weapons. He was right.

I started to circle around him, moving away from the wall behind me, away from Angie. He circled with me. "Come on, white boy," the wino said in a sing-song voice. "Just gimme the briefcase. That be all I want."

A car passed on the street in front of me. The knifeblade caught its headlights for a moment and flickered like a cobra's tongue. I held onto the briefcase and watched the wino's feet move to-

ward me. "Nigger, you got any kids?"

"Don't gimme no lip, white boy," the wino spat. "I got no kids, and I want that briefcase."

"Then you missed your chance, *boy*," I half-shouted, swinging my right foot into his crotch as hard as I could. The wino had been expecting a head-punch; his crotch was wide open. He screamed and sank to his knees. The knife clattered onto the sidewalk. I kicked him again, in the mouth this time, and heard a satisfying crack that could only be his jawbone separating from his skull. I thought that this was one scumbag who'd be eating supper through a straw for the next six months.

"Come on," I said, and turned to Angie. She was pressed against the wall, sobbing. "Get in the car."

When we got back to my tiny apartment on Perry Street, I could see that Angie was still shaken up. "Come on in," I told her. "We could both use a drink."

As soon as we walked through my front door, we collapsed into each other's arms. Her lips were as soft and sweet as hot peaches, and her tongue darted in and out of my mouth. "Oh, God, Mike," she breathed as she came up for air. "That guy was going to kill you!"

"That's the way it looked from where I was standing," I replied, massaging a

heavy breast in my right hand. I ran my left one underneath her skirt. Angie's bikini panties weren't much of an obstacle, and her cunt lips were full and plump—and *wet*!

I pulled my fingers out of her snatch and put them to my lips. I smelled her pungent woman-musk, and my tongue responded to the salty taste that's the best flavor I know. I looked at Angie. She was looking back at me, hard.

"I want you," I said, unbuttoning my pants and struggling with my zipper. She reached her hand through my fly and came out with a genuine blueveiner, stiff as an ICBM and just as ready to do some damage.

I don't know how we wriggled out of our clothes; it happened too fast. Angie's breasts were plump and full as spring melons, her belly was flat, her legs were long and straight—and she had the biggest, darkest bush I'd ever seen. I didn't have much time to stand there and admire the view, because she pulled me down on the day bed that served as my couch. We were soon groping and writhing around, licking each other's bodies and sticking our fingers wherever we could find an opening. There were lots of openings.

"Oh, baby, that's so good, it's so good, it's *so-o-o-o good*," Angie moaned as I worked my finger around her clit with an insistent rotary motion. Her love-juice was running like heavy cream, and she was beginning to shake.

"Let it go, baby, let it all go," I responded.

"I love . . . your fingers . . . in my cunt!" Angie gasped. Then the spasms started. She heaved and bucked, and the inside of her vagina felt like molten lava closing around my hand. Having this beautiful woman lose control next to me was making me hotter than I'd ever been. I could understand why LeMaster kept her on his payroll.

Angie's orgasm finally subsided, but she kept on squirming next to me. She whispered into my ear, "Let me suck your prick," and began to slide down toward my groin.

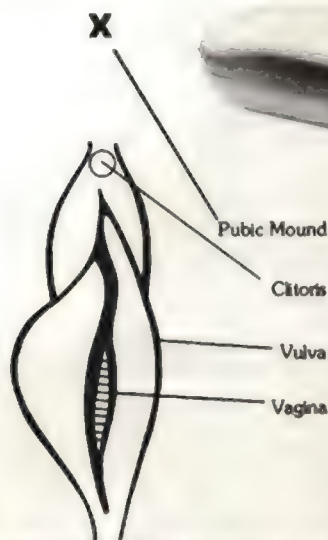
"Not yet," I gasped. I knew that the touch of her full, red lips on my cock would bring matters to a sticky conclusion in a few seconds. She was halfway down my torso, her nipples searing my loins like twin poker, when I began hunching.

My cock poked up between those beautiful, big tits, then disappeared into the canyon of her cleavage. I saw her look down as the head of my prick bobbed up and down, appearing and disappearing like a harbor buoy in a squall.

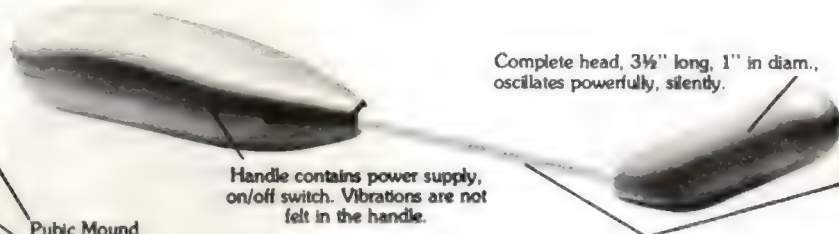
"I like that," she hissed, her voice full



Millions of women don't climax easily during intercourse. Now there is a way to help her "let go" when you do . . . and do it again and again.



Clitoral stimulation is essential to full climax. Relative positions of vagina & clitoris illustrate how unlikely clitoral stimulation is during normal intercourse.



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Flexible wand connects silent oscillating to power supply, allowing easy access to any part of the body. The harder you press the head against the body, bending the wand, the more intense the stimulation. Wand & head completely sealed & washable.

FEMALE ORGASM is not something that just came up with women's Lib. Even prudish Victorian women divided themselves into two groups: those who enjoyed sex and those who endured it. But sexual awareness has come a long way. "Every Woman Can" is the title of a book, and Abigail Van Buren tells us, "There are no frigid women . . . only clumsy men."

Unfortunately, Nature has played us some cruel tricks. She put woman's organ of climax, the clitoris, in a spot where it gets virtually no stimulation during the actual act of coitus, and she gave woman a response time far longer than man's. Conversely, man's most sensitive zone, the corona or "head," is right out on the firing line where it can go off on short notice.

Biologically, we're a mess! Our sex organs were designed to make babies, but our minds have learned to seek pleasure. The result is millions of unsatisfied women and an equal number of guilt ridden men.

Of course, most men know how to bring a woman to climax through stimulation of the clitoris. But if this is something you do *after* she fails to "make it" or if you have to delay your insertion until after her orgasm, natural spontaneity is disturbed and neither of you achieve your full potential.

The Orgo Stimulator was invented to help you overcome the time lapse between your orgasm and hers. It is not a vibrator (the high frequency "buzz" of a vibrator actually tends to numb rather than stimulate), but a powerful oscillating massager.

NOT DESIGNED TO BE INSERTED.

The head of the Orgo Stimulator was not designed to be inserted. It is not a penis substitute nor a masturbation device. Rather, *the two of you use it lovingly together* to help you reach climax together.

During foreplay you use it to stimulate all parts of each other's body. As arousal grows, use the Orgo closer to *her* erogenous zones. Many women find that by placing the silent oscillating head *on the pubic mound*, pressing down hard enough to bend the wand, pulsations are carried through the pubic bone to the clitoris and can actually bring on orgasm *with no other stimulation*. If it is held in this position by the two of you *during* copulation her climax can be more satisfying and complete than any she has ever known.

CAN A MAN USE IT, TOO?

Yes, you can get great pleasure from the Orgo Stimulator, just as your mate does. If she will press the silent oscillating head between your buttocks on the flesh area behind the genitals for a minute or so just before your climax, the intensity and completeness of your orgasm can exceed any previously experienced. This results from topical stimulation of the prostate gland, producing a sensation so enjoyable you may not want her to stop, *ever*. So some couples ultimately buy two Orgo Stimulators, allowing each partner to give continuous and loving stimulation to the other during foreplay and intercourse.

Additionally, in clinical tests of men who had trouble attaining and/or sustaining erection, over 90% gained a new lease on their sex life through stimulation of the erogenous zones with the Orgo Stimulator. So if it has become the "magic wand of orgasm" for women, it's the "magic wand of erection" for many men.

SAFE, BATTERY OPERATED USE IT ANYWHERE

Unlike most plug-in stimulators, the Orgo cannot overheat, forcing you to stop at a crucial moment. Nor is there any chance of electrical hazard, since it operates on two "C" size 1 1/2-volt batteries (not included). And with no cord to contend with, you can use it anywhere, not just the bedroom.

You'll both feel more relaxed and aroused knowing your partner is receiving the ultimate in stimulation and reaching the ultimate of satisfaction. And you'll be joining thousands of couples across the country who have created a "silent sexual revolution" by making the Orgo a permanent part of their intimate life. You deserve to have the best out of sex. Let the Orgo Stimulator help you get it.



Orgo Stimulator was not designed to be inserted. External stimulation is all that's needed to facilitate complete release. Intensity of stimulation increases with pressure against body.

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of urgency. She squeezed her breasts together, massaging her own nipples with her long-nailed fingers. "Do it to me, do it to me, *do it to me, doittome!*"

I was fucking Angie's tits as hard as I'd ever fucked any other woman's pussy, and I could feel my balls tighten as they slapped against those two hot globes of flesh. "Fuck my titties . . . *hard!*" Angie panted.

That was it. My cock erupted, spewing white-hot bullets of jism all over Angie's breasts, her pale, slender throat and onto her face. I groaned, digging into her tits with my fingers as my cum spurted against her skin in thick droplets. "I love it," she sighed, licking the stuff off her face like a kitten lapping cream.

There was no need for either of us to say anything. But Angie murmured, "Let me clean you off." She moved down toward my cock, licking it gently up one side and down the other, her tongue flickering around the head, darting into my urethra, until she engulfed me in her mouth. I watched her head moving slowly up and down over the shaft, sucking my dick as though she were a little girl with a red-hot Popsicle, until it rose from my belly and grew hard again. This time we didn't fool around. I grabbed her ass, threw her under me and rammed myself home into the seething depths of her cunt.

Neither of us had time for dirty endearments on this go-round. I gave her 120 hard, vertical strokes, my penis driving full-force into her steaming velvet vagina. Angie hung on and made a noise I'd never heard before, something halfway between a purr and a scream. When I blew my load the second time, we both came together, Angie digging her heels into my back and hollering so loud I was afraid for a minute that somebody'd call the cops.

I sat up. I was feeling a little dizzy. The room smelled like two goats had been going at it. I turned to Angie, noticing that one hand was on her breast, caressing her nipple. "Thirsty?" I croaked.

She nodded dumbly. I walked to the kitchenette (not a very great distance), opened the Frigidaire, took out a bottle of chablis and poured two glasses full. When I returned, Angie'd lighted a cigarette. We sat and sipped. Finally, she turned to me and said, "Mike, there's one thing I don't understand."

"What's that, babe?"

"When that wino came at you with the knife, he seemed to know what you had in the briefcase. He wasn't after your wallet, or anything like that."

"Yeah, I know, Angie," I answered. "I've been thinking about that myself."

.

If the 747 had landed nose-down in

the Grand Canyon the next day, I *might* have awakened. It didn't, so I slept all the way between New York and Los Angeles. My eyes opened just in time to admire the beige Southern California atmosphere as we landed.

I rented a Pontiac Trans-Am from Avis, using a VISA card stolen from a guy named Martin Chase—probably ripped off by a \$30 hooker. Stolen credit cards are a big part of this business, and LeMaster made sure everyone who worked for him had a fresh one for each trip. You can buy one around town for \$200, and it's usually good for two or three days before the big credit-card computer in the sky sets the alarm off all across the country. When you're running cocaine coast to coast, two or three days is enough.

I headed up the San Diego Freeway, turned off on Sunset Boulevard and pulled up the palm-lined driveway in front of the Beverly Hills Hotel. The Beverly Hills, in case you've never had the pleasure, is *the* place to stay in L.A. All the movie stars who don't live in Southern California put up there when they're in town, and every rich asshole from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, stays there too, hoping to catch a glimpse of Redford or Streisand at the pool or in The Polo Lounge. As I handed my car over to the attendant, I noticed that the California air smelled of jasmine and orange blossoms, even though it was only mid-March. This time of year New York smelled like Tokay wine, cleaning fluid and piss.

My reservation—that is, Martin Chase's reservation—was in order. The bellboy took my bag, and I followed him to my room. As we walked upstairs, I took a good look at the hotel's wallpaper. It was pink, with a pattern of jungle leaves around the bottom. "Anybody ever get malaria off the walls here?" I asked the bellboy.

"Huh?" he answered brightly, setting my bag down and fitting the room key into the lock. I tipped him two bucks. Hell, it was LeMaster's money.

Once inside, I ordered a double Scotch-on-the-rocks from room service and settled down to wait. When the drink came, I sat and sipped and thought about the night before—especially about something Angie had said to me in P. J. Clarke's.

"A couple of losers," she'd called us. Maybe Angie, earning a living as LeMaster's punching bag and live-in piece of ass. But not me. Mike Dennis hadn't been a loser since he'd started traveling in big-time cocaine circles. Sure, I wasn't getting rich, but I had more than enough to live on. I'd even

(continued on page 98)



Beaver Hunt

It's Indian summer . . . maybe the last chance this year to photograph your favorite Beaver outdoors. So dust off your camera lens and start clicking. HUSTLER is still paying 50 bucks apiece for photos of gals, guys and couples published in *Beaver Hunt*. And if we like the Beaver in your color snapshot enough, we might select her for an extended photo-

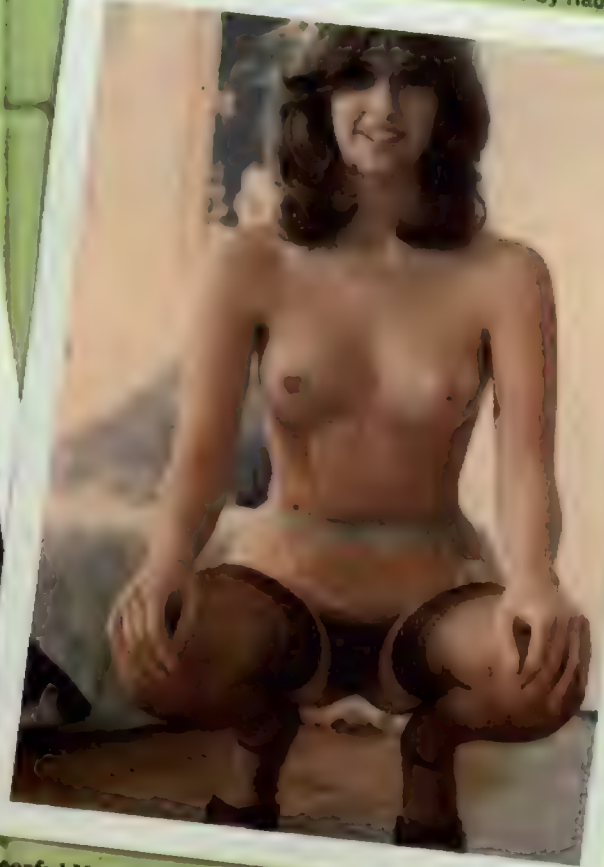
feature at professional models' rates. All photos become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send all entries to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067. Be sure to use the model release on page 98 or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send your \$50.

Photo by Dean Gorgory



Twenty-year-old dancer and model Schray hails from Newport News, Virginia, where her hobbies are camping and motorcycle-riding. Her sexual fantasy is "to sit on Clint Eastwood's face."

Photo by Raulo Sanchez



Cheerful N. A. is a social worker from Edgewater, New Jersey. She's 24, and likes disco-dancing and gardening. Her favorite fantasy is to have a "ton-inch black cock in my mouth, cunt and ass all night."

Photo by Don Winston



Forty-nine-year-old Betty Jean Hopkins tells us she's a dancer and model from Jefferson City, Missouri. Her sexual fantasy is to meet a "generous and kind millionaire, government agent or Indian chief who likes normal, old-fashioned Christian sex."

Miami, Florida, is home to Janice Gammon, a 22-year-old topless dancer whose hobbies are swimming and "pleasing her man." Janice dreams of "experiencing orgasm while under the spotlight with another female dancer."

Photo by Carl Paris



Photo by Friend



Here's Chong Hui Pak, a 25-year-old Long Beach, California, housewife who enjoys music and dancing. Mrs. Chong's chief fantasy is to be a model for **HUSTLER Magazine.**

Photo by Mike Martin



This smiling Beaver is Sue Chase, 23, from Seattle, Washington. She's a truck driver who enjoys swimming and hunting. Her sexual fantasies are "to fuck Mick Jagger and to have two stud foxes make love to me at the same time."

Meet 21-year-old Robin Leonard. She's a bartender from Fort Pierce, Florida, who enjoys waterskiing and photography. Robin wants to "drive down a busy highway while flashing her beaver," so we've sent her a map showing the way to Los Angeles.



Photo by Jerry K. Irwin



Photo by Dan Morrison

Monkeying around is the chief hobby of Priscilla Primate, 27, a Kansas City chimp whose profession is public relations. Priscilla dreams of orgyng with King Kong and the cast of *Planet of the Apes*.

Photo by Ray Carille



Twenty-two-year-old Fran Pugh is a service representative who makes her home in New Castle, Delaware. She enjoys cooking, sewing, and arts and crafts, and her fantasy has now come true: to have her picture in *HUSTLER*, "knowing that millions of men are looking at my photo."

Rose Carille is a 24-year-old secretary from Vallejo, California. She's a swinger, and her fantasy is to have "an aggressive woman make love to me."

Photo by Mike McNeil



Photo by Ron Pugh

Temple, Texas, is home for 28-year-old Carmen O. Cortez, a medical secretary who likes dancing and swimming. Carmen hopes that two interns will one day give her simultaneous injections of "peter-cillin"—one in her cunt and one between her lips.

One for the Ladies



Photo by Harry Blaisdell

Thirty-one-year-old Harry Blaisdell is a poet and used-bicycle-seat collector from Boston. More than anything else he wants to have his poem published in HUSTLER, so here it is:

I slip my dick in lots of holes,
'Cause nothing could be bleaker
Than being bored enough to want
To keep it in my sneaker.



photo by J. D. Neal

A 20-year-old waitress, Beverly Linadale likes to fly kites in the sun near her home in Palm Desert, California. Beverly's erotic fantasy is to make love with her boyfriend while watching an X-rated movie.



Photo by W. L. Cerbin

Miz Alice Faye Smalley is a housewife and Southern belle from Albertville, Alabama. She's 21 and likes dancing, horseback-riding and swimming. Her fantasy is to make it one day with "a stranger in a cab."

HUSTLER®

BEAVER HUNT MODEL RELEASE



Beaver Hunters, here is the model release you must send to us with your entry in HUSTLER's amateur photo contest (see page 93). Models should be shown totally nude. Faces must be visible in photos. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

Model's Name _____

Address _____

Date of Birth _____

Phone (include area code) _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary _____

Photographer _____

Send prize to: _____

☐ Model ☐ Other

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make changes in or additions to such photographs or portraits, in such manner as shall seem proper to their use. I also understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

Model's Legal Signature _____

LOSERS

(continued from page 92)

put a little away. And though I didn't exactly have any plans, what I was doing was better than driving a hack or flipping burgers on a grill.

The ice hadn't melted in my Scotch when I had a phone call from the desk. "Two gentlemen to see you, sir," said the desk clerk. I told her to send them on up. It looked like this trip was going to be short and sweet.

A couple of minutes later there was a knock on my door. I opened it, and two men walked in. "Mr. Chase," said the shorter, darker one, "I'm Barry Jacobson. This," he nodded to the taller, uglier one, "is my associate, Mr. Klein."

Klein was carrying a valise. Both guys looked like someone had phoned Central Casting and asked them to send over a pair of Mafia types.

"Gentlemen," I said, "let's do some business." I moved to the bed where my bag rested, opened it and pulled out the five one-pound plastic sacks of cocaine. Klein tossed his valise on the bed and opened it. I saw stacks of 20s inside, each stack in its own little paper wrapper. It looked like there were a hundred bills per stack, which meant that the total number of stacks should add up to 50.

"I hope neither of you gentlemen will be offended if I count this out," I said, bending toward the valise.

"Not so fast, Mr. Chase," Klein answered. I found myself nose-to-nose with the muzzle of a Smith & Wesson .44 Magnum.

"Oh, shit," I said. It wasn't much of a thing to say, but it seemed appropriate at the time. A Smith & Wesson .44 is three pounds of cold, evil steel, and the mouth of that cannon looked wide enough to drop a quarter down it, leaving plenty of room for George Washington's big nose to inhale.

Please, God, don't let me piss in my pants in front of these goons, I thought. I straightened up. Klein still held his howitzer uncomfortably close to my chest. Any closer than the next county would still have been uncomfortable.

"Mr. Chase," said Jacobson, "I think you'd better come with us."

I did the only thing I could think of. I stuck my finger down the barrel of the .44.

Klein spoke up for the first time. "Hey, asshole," he said. "You want this to blow up in my hand, or something?"

I got the impression that if someone gave IQ tests to Klein, a chimpanzee and Billy Carter, Klein and Billy might wind up fighting it out for second place. "Come to think of it, it'd probably

bruise my knuckles too," I said, "but I'll risk it."

For a split second Klein's hand wavered. I snatched the .44 and turned it on the two torpedoes. "Hey," said Klein weakly, "we was only joking."

"I'm not," I snapped. "OK, you cocksuckers, I want you both on the floor, facedown, with your hands behind your backs."

They didn't waste too much time. "Now," I said, "for the past two days I've been having some bad things happen to me. Last night a spade tries to cut me on a sidewalk in New York City. Today two jerk-offs in pinstripe suits try to rip me off and blow me away in Beverly Hills. That's more coincidence than I can stand. I want some answers and I want them now!"

I was back in New York the next morning. En route from Kennedy Airport to Manhattan I watched scenic Queens flash by the taxi and wondered what the hell was going on.

The two Cosa Nostra dropouts had been working for LeMaster, all right. They'd been happy enough to admit that he'd told them to grease me, take the coke and the money, and wait for further instructions. But they hadn't known why, and the .44 had given them every reason to level with me if they could. I'd given them each a love-pat on the back of the head with the pistol-butt, left the hotel without checking out and asked the desk clerk to have the maid clean up the terrible mess in my room. By now the two goons would be explaining their story to a precinct captain.

The black wino had also been one of LeMaster's boys, for sure. He'd known exactly what was in my briefcase. It all added up.

What didn't add up was *why*. There was no reason for LeMaster to be after my ass—none that I could think of anyway. So I decided to pay my boss a call. I was sure he'd be real surprised to see me.

The cab dropped me off at LeMaster's brownstone. I tipped the cabbie, picked up my bag with the cocaine in it and Klein's valiseful of bills. Then I walked up the stairs and rang the bell.

Angie answered the door. "Oh, Mike," she cried, throwing herself into my arms.

I untangled us and walked past her into the living room. "Where's LeMaster?" I asked.

"He's not here," she said. I noticed that under her eye she had a shiner, purple as a plum and about as big.

I tossed my bag and the valise on
(continued on page 102)

I've never written anything before, but my husband and I experienced something that put a new spark into our relationship, and I'd like to share it with HUSTLER's readers.

My husband's 30th birthday was approaching, and I wanted to give him a special gift. Charlie and I have been married for ten years, and although I'm usually good at picking out presents, I just couldn't think of anything to give him. Giving up, I asked him what he wanted.

He replied, "A night with a hooker!"

At first I was shocked and a little hurt, and I told Charlie how I felt. He explained that he'd always fantasized about what it would be like to spend the night with a hooker. After I heard his side of the story, I wasn't mad anymore. After all, I have some fantasies of my own.

As I was getting ready for bed that night I stood gazing at my naked body in the full-length mirror, and I wondered what a hooker had that I didn't. I cupped my breasts and ran my fingers lightly over my nipples. My breasts are still firm—maybe not as large as some men like, but I've never heard Charlie complain.

My eyes moved down to my flat belly, and I thought about how many women my age pay a lot of money and invest a lot of time and energy trying to keep their stomachs as flat as mine is naturally. My eyes continued to wander down my body. I could find nothing wrong with my hips, thighs or legs. In fact, I concluded that I looked pretty damn good all over and that I could compete with the most expensive call girl in town. It was then that I decided that Charlie would have his night with a hooker.

The next day I went downtown and spent the morning in various department stores. I was in the fifth store before I found the perfect outfit for the occasion—a slinky, black-silk skirt slit up to midthigh on each side and a silver halter top that was extremely low-cut and so sheer it was almost see-through.

Looking at myself in the dressing-

Kinky Korner is a column written by our readers—one person's report on his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the validity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers. HUSTLER pays \$100 on publication for eight-page, double-spaced (typed or neatly printed) manuscripts. Please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.



MY HUSBAND'S HOOKER

by Charlene Copeland

room mirror was really exciting. I was so turned on by my reflection that I noticed my nipples protruding through the sheer material of the halter top.

Supreme, I thought.

I made the purchase and went looking for a shoe store. I selected a pair of very high-heeled silver shoes that fastened with a strap around the ankles, making my legs look longer and shapelier than I'd ever seen them.

Next, I went to a wig store. I tried on several different shades and styles before I decided on a long, black curly number. Since my own hair is blond and straight, I figured this wig would fool Charlie—at least for a little while.

My shopping completed, I then went to the office of the local underground paper and placed an ad offering my "services." When the issue was printed, I cut out the ad and placed it inside a birthday card.

After dinner on the big day I handed Charlie the card and gave him a loving kiss. He was overwhelmed when he read the ad:

BEAUTIFUL YOUNG
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I explained that I had written to the lady and had arranged for Charlie to meet her that night at a lounge in town, with the payment already taken care of. Then I handed him a gift certificate for a room at the Holiday Inn. I told him I was going to visit my sister, Carol.

"One question," Charlie said. "How will I know her?"

"She'll find you!" I assured him. Then I hurried over to Carol's house to put on my new outfit.

I had also arranged with my brother-in-law, Tony, to go with Charlie to the bar and make sure he had a few drinks before I got there. That way I figured I'd have less of a chance of being recognized. I had been practicing all week on my new

voice. By lowering the pitch slightly and speaking very softly I did a fairly good job of disguising it.

After getting dressed I took a long time putting on my makeup. I wanted to drastically change my looks and become what my husband wanted—a hooker. I overdid it a little, and when I was finished—and the black wig was in place—I hardly recognized myself.

Finally, I took a taxi to the lounge. Inside, I had no trouble finding Charlie, who was sitting with Tony at the bar. As I made my way over to them, I noticed that I was attracting a lot of attention from the males in the bar—especially my brother-in-law. I don't think Tony even knew it was me until I winked at him—at which time he silently split.

I slithered up to Charlie and lightly touched his leg. In my sexiest voice I

purred a warm "Hello," and the pleased look on his face was worth all the embarrassment I had experienced walking into the lounge. We had a drink while I "solicited" my husband—who by this time was feeling pretty relaxed. I got him to consume a few more drinks, and then I suggested we leave.

We went down the street to an adult-book store. I got \$5 in quarters from the attendant and led Charlie into a peep-show booth. I handed him the money and told him to feed the machine and watch the movies. I got down on my knees in front of him, unzipped his fly and wrapped my painted lips around his already rock-hard cock.

At the same time, I massaged his balls and tickled his anus—something he really loves and (according to him) something I don't do often enough. But this was my night to be a hooker, and doesn't a hooker sometimes do what a man's wife won't do?

I knew from experience that Charlie was about to come, so I relaxed my throat muscles and slid his cock back as far as I could get it without gagging. He shot a huge load of cum down my throat, and I swallowed what I could, but some of it dribbled down my chin.

Looking up at him, I knew I had done

an excellent job. Charlie zipped up his pants, and we made our way out of the booth. I was still wiping his cum off my chin as we walked by the attendant, who gave Charlie a knowing look as we passed him.

During the cab ride to the Holiday Inn, Charlie and I didn't talk much. I sat very close to him, licking his ear and biting him gently on the neck while whispering sexily to him. I also massaged his cock through his pants, and when we pulled up in front of the motel, he looked like he was ready for anything—and I was ready to give it to him.

Once inside the room I intensified my hooker routine. I was getting off on the whole idea of being someone else for a night. In fact, I even *felt* like a different person. The way my husband was looking at me and the way he was breathing told me he was really turned on. I switched on the radio and then turned out all the lights except for a tiny reading lamp. I was afraid that once I undressed (and Charlie sobered up a little), he'd be sure to catch on, so I wanted to keep the room dark.

I slid up to Charlie and unbuttoned his shirt, letting my hands run slowly over his chest, curling the thick hair around my fingers. I gently pushed him

in the direction of the bed, and once I had him there I asked him if he had any special requests. He said he would like to see me do a striptease.

My hips began to sway to the beat of the music, and my black-silk skirt was the first item of clothing to hit the floor. For this special occasion I had even worn a garter belt and silk stockings, and when Charlie saw them, I thought his dick was going to jump out of his pants all by itself.


I undid my halter top and let my tits fall out slowly. I danced my way over to Charlie and softly rubbed my breasts against his face. He opened his mouth and began to lick my hard nipples, alternating between kissing and sucking. I couldn't stand the agony of waiting for him to fuck me any longer. I undid his belt and helped him slip out of his pants. Then I pushed him back on the bed, and with the garter belt and stockings still on I eased my body on top of his. I bent down to kiss him, and when my tongue met his, I felt my insides melt. He tasted so good and I wanted him so much.

I guided the head of his cock inside me. Although I wanted to slam myself down on top of him, I took my time and brought him inside me gradually. When Charlie was all the way in, I slowly let him slide out of me, kissing and touching him the whole time. I continued to whisper a few naughty little things to him, and he proceeded to get more and more turned on. I kept on slow-fucking him until I could tell he was on the verge of coming, and then I started to pump wildly, my clit hitting all the right places at all the right times.

I came first, but not much sooner than Charlie. I never felt so good, and my "client" was breathing so hard I thought he was going to have a coronary.

Once we had recovered, I sat up in bed and turned up the lights. In my regular voice I again wished Charlie a happy birthday, and then I reached up and pulled off the wig.

After a short silence Charlie began to laugh. He told me he knew who I was the whole time! I started to giggle, and he grabbed me and kissed me, and we rolled around on the bed laughing and kissing until we started making love again. In fact, we made love the rest of the night. When we got home the next day, we both knew our relationship had changed—for the better.

Charlie still says he knew all the time who I was, but I think I fooled him for some of the time at least. But it doesn't matter. I know my husband was pleased with his gift, and if there's a woman out there who doesn't know what to give the man in her life, I suggest doing what I did—become one of his fantasies. 

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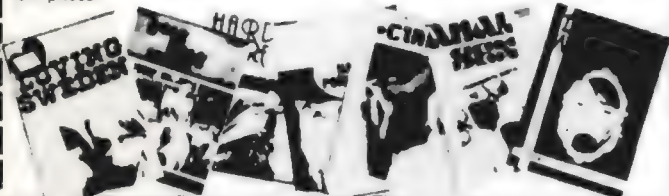
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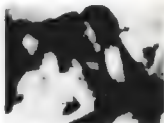
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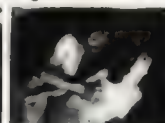
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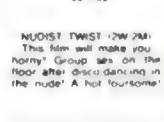
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LOSERS

(continued from page 98)

LeMaster's coffee table. Then I sat down. "Fine," I said. "I'll wait. I have a few questions I'd like to ask him."

"Mike," Angie sobbed, "he found out about . . . about us. He beat it out of me, Mike. I didn't want to tell him, but he said he'd kill me if—"

An ugly thought came creeping into my mind like a reptile crawling out from under a rock. I looked at Angie. "Maybe I have a few questions I'd like to ask you, baby," I said coldly. "Like, how much did you know about all of this in advance? You were the one who suggested we stop at Clarke's. Was that business at my place afterward part of the setup too?"

Angie gave me a look like somebody had just kicked her in the gut. "Mike," she said hoarsely, "I swear I didn't—"

"She's right, Dennis." LeMaster's voice came through the foyer into the living room, followed by his snub-nosed .38, followed by LeMaster himself. "And if you're thinking of reaching for anything, you can freeze right there."

A .38 is no .44 Magnum, but LeMaster's sidearm was pointed in the general direction of my right eye. Even one slug in that neighborhood would definitely tear out more brains than

I could spare. I froze. "As long as we're all here," I said, "do you mind telling me why you're trying to have me killed?"

"Not at all," LeMaster smiled. "Looks like I'm gonna have to do it myself now, so there's no reason why you shouldn't know."

"I had Sweets, my black friend, follow you closely from my place. I also set you up for Jacobson and Klein in Beverly Hills."

He looked as smug as if he were explaining how he'd pulled off a surprise birthday party without my finding out.

"For some time now I've been dissatisfied with my share of the profits. As you may have suspected, I have a partner, just like most people in the cocaine industry. My partner is an Italian gentleman; he comes from a very large Family, and half of my profits go to support them. I've often thought how nice it would be to operate as . . . oh, you might say, as an orphan, with no Family to support."

"The problem is that my partner wouldn't like that, and he's not the kind of man you want to have angry at you. So I thought, Why not arrange to have a quantity of cocaine *stolen*? Not much at first, maybe five pounds or so, but more and more as time went by. That way I could pin the losses on evil influences—someone else's Family, for example."

And I'd still have all that coke to sell outside of New York, where it couldn't be traced back to me.

"Of course, the first couple of times, just to make things look on the up-and-up, something bad would have to happen to my couriers."

"So you decided to have me blown away," I said, "just so you could double-cross the Mob without having them find out."

"That's right," LeMaster smiled evenly. "I knew you'd understand, Dennis. In fact, you understood a little too much too soon. That's why I have to finish the job. Angie too, I'm afraid. She knows too much. Sorry, sweetie," he nodded to Angie. "You've got the best pair of tits I ever handled. And now, Dennis, would you please open that valise *very slowly*, so I can see you didn't stash the money somewhere, and shove it *very slowly* across the table toward me."

I undid the clasp on Klein's valise. The lid opened up and out toward LeMaster, momentarily shielding my hands from his sight. I hadn't stashed the dough. It was all there, and laying on top of it, right where I'd put it, was the loaded .44 Magnum. I pointed it at LeMaster through the lid of the valise.

There was a roar that sounded like the world had split apart. The slug ripped through the leather of the valise like it wasn't there. It would have ripped through a Buick the same way.

LeMaster was blown backward six feet. The .44 slug tore out about a third of his chest and splashed it on the wall behind him. I walked quickly over to where LeMaster was lying and put another bullet into his skull just for luck.

By that time I noticed that Angie had been screaming for a while. I walked back to the couch and hugged her until she stopped. "Mike, Mike," she whimpered, "we're murderers. What do we do now? They'll be looking for us—the police and LeMaster's friends."

"We go straight from here to the airport," I said. "We have \$100,000, which doesn't mean we're rich, but it'll make us a few payments on a house somewhere in Ohio or Missouri and tide us over until we can start out again. Hell, maybe we'll go back to school and do the whole thing right. Who knows?"

My eyes moved to the bag. Actually, we had \$200,000: half in cash, half in cocaine. Then I thought, *Fuck it! Leave this business to LeMaster's chums. I'm tired of being a loser.*

I turned to Angie. "They must've heard those shots clear to Brooklyn," I said. "Get your bag, stuff the money in it and meet me on the street. I'll flag down a cab."



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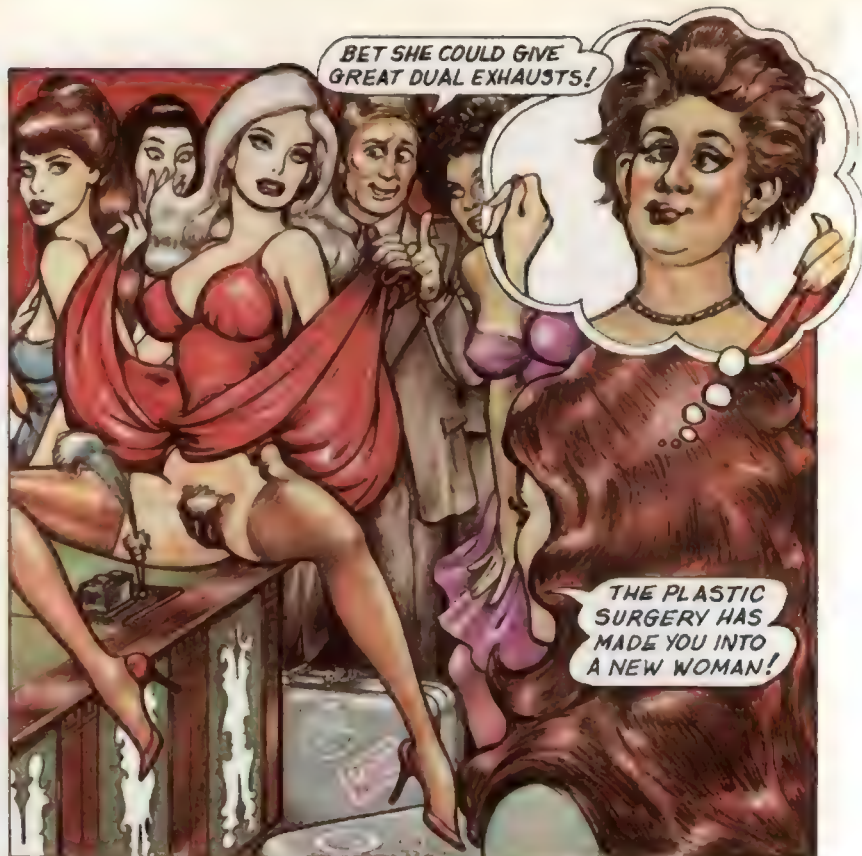
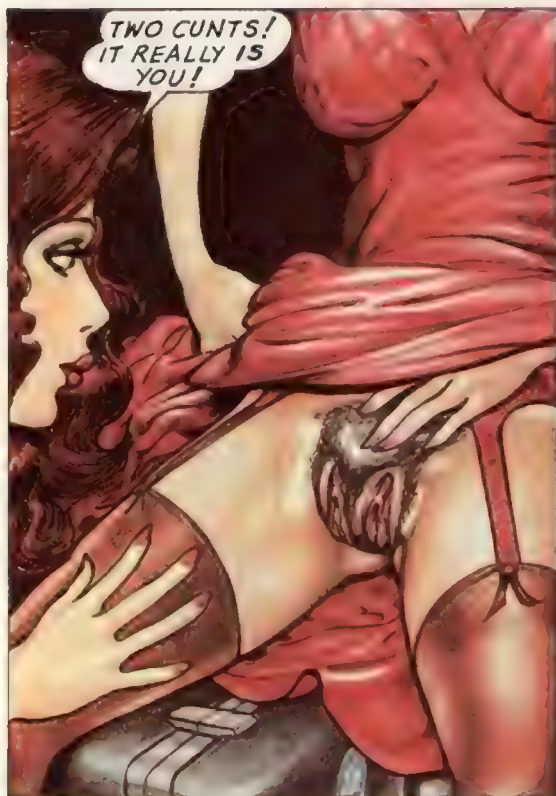
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SHE DICES!

SHE JUGGLES!..

IS SHE AS GOOD WITH FOUR BALLS AS SHE IS WITH THREE?

JUG O' WHATH?

SEVEN-COME-ELEVEN! WOULD YOU LOOK AT HER GO!



SHE'S EVEN
A ONE-WOMAN
BAND!



NOW, WHO WILL BE THE FIRST
FOR THE MAIDEN VOYAGE?

OUR FRIEND HERE
IS JUST WHAT SHE
NEEDS!

HEY! I'VE GOT
TEN INCHES!

WHAT
ABOUT
ME?

I WANNA
HAVE SOME
OF THAT PIE
AND EAT IT
TOO!



WELL,
WHERE IS
HE?

RIGHT HERE!
WE'RE SIAMESE
TWIN!

WE STICK
TOGETHER THRU
THICK AND THIN!

JUST WHAT
WE NEED!



YOU CAN GIVE ME
THE "UNTOLD
STORY" LATER!
RIGHT NOW
I'VE GOT
SOMETHING
TO GIVE
YOU!

LEAVE IT TO
THE PRESS TO
GET A GRIP ON
THINGS!



OOOOOO! AT LAST
A MAN-ER-MEN
FOR ME!



CHRISTINA'S A BIGGER
HIT THAN THE ST. VALENTINE'S
DAY MASSACRE!

SEX IN AMSTERDAM

(continued from page 78)

ly beats hiring a cranky tour guide.

Take a narrow flight of stairs to one of the half-dozen private bedrooms upstairs, and you'll find the Dutch version of sexual paradise. Each room is decorated differently—one at the end of the hall features red carpeting on the walls—but all are clean and spacious. Mood music—Frank Sinatra, Nat King Cole—comes from a wall speaker.

The bed is a double, low to the floor, with what appears to be a California-style bedspread: a silhouette of a man and a woman walking along a beach, gulls gliding overhead. The sheets are crisp. A sink and bathtub are on one side of the room on a tile platform one step above the carpeted floor. Two nightstands hold neatly folded towels your date will use to clean you both before and after your romp in bed.

If you think you have to know Black Johnny or some Amsterdam native to find a palace of pleasure, relax. Every establishment, from the lowliest adult-book store to the most expensive bordello, is well-advertised. Walk in any porn shop and pick up an "Amsterdam Sex Tourist" map. (The words are jumbled, but the meaning is clear.) Or if you want to get very specific, a thick paperback sex guide lists women and phone numbers in cities all over the Netherlands. In some towns, such as Utrecht, the whores work in boats on a canal. In rural communities there are—no kidding—sex farms. They are former farms that have been converted into countryside brothels.

For those preferring a homey touch visit The Hague, the nation's capital, where an entrepreneur named Pieter Ros runs a cozy prostitution ring. Most of his women are housewives—some 250 of them, he says—who offer not only sex but also a home-cooked meal to their patrons.

"I always ensure I get the husband's OK first," Ros told a *Holland Life* reporter recently, "because I don't want trouble later. Most of the husbands don't mind if their wives do this at home, because the women are making money."

Ros gets about \$13 for his brokerage service, while the women receive anywhere from \$30 to \$100. That fee often includes dinner in the kitchen before sex in the bedroom. *Gezellig*.

"The real fight now is between the clean whore and the addicted whore," says a man who knows. He is Dr. J. W. Groothuysen, a medical doctor and psy-

chiatrist to many of the women in Nieuwmarkt. He specializes in the diseases of the promiscuous, and since he began his practice in 1956 near the Old Church, he's become a father figure to some of the veteran hookers. He sometimes makes house calls—literally. Dr. Groothuysen examines the women of the Chatterley each week.

Over the last decade the doctor has watched heroin trickle into Amsterdam's street life, and it is that drug that seems to be the city's most pressing social problem.

"If an addicted whore stands on the street," says Dr. Groothuysen, "she will take anyone at any price. The clean girls can't get customers, so they fight."

Since birth-control pills have made the use of rubbers less common, the doctor sees an upsurge in venereal diseases among careless women, especially addicts. VD, heroin and the presence of an accomplished corps of pickpockets who plague the red-light district during the warm tourist season are the hazards of open sex in Amsterdam.

Don't try to take photographs. As openly displayed as the women are, they are in the sex business, not the amateur-modeling business. And some women lead respectable lives elsewhere. One whore, for example, is married to a man who runs a small butcher shop in north-

ern Holland. The shop is his life, although he doesn't make much money. So during the day, when the couple's child is at school, Mom rides a train into the big city and takes her place in her window. The similarities of the two professions may be obvious, but the wife would rather the neighbors never come across a photo of her at work.

For the kinky at heart there is a woman some residents of New Jersey might recall. Her name is Monique Von Cleef, and after authorities busted her S&M parlor in Essex County in 1969, she moved to a more tolerant locale.

Monique Von Cleef's House of Pain is in The Hague. Von Cleef's advertising claims she is a registered nurse who... well, I'll let her tell you: "Monique Von Cleef is always at home to those who wish to suffer masochistic pleasure," promises her brochure. "Each slave's unique requirements are satisfied with understanding in a well-equipped torture room. If you wish, you'll be whipped while hanging suspended from gallows, have your arms and legs stretched or your body gouged into a bloody pulp. An exquisite boudoir is for those who wish to be dressed in corsets and elegant dresses."

I considered visiting her, but then thought, *No, not tonight, Monique, darling. I think I have a headache.* ☹

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(continued from page 40)

the only things we had in the house were a Bible and a dictionary, so I was forced to read the Bible. I just picked it up and read it from cover to cover. That would disenchant anybody.

Immediately it was obvious to me that it was a bunch of hocus-pocus, a series of disjointed historical incidents, folk tales, poems, all out of hand. That was it. I told my mother, "I'm not going to church Sunday. I can't believe this." Mother asked me to show her one thing in the Bible that was wrong. So I read it, you know: sadism, murder, lies. Incidentally, *HUSTLER* should not be in court as pornographic; the Bible should be. They should stop it every place—because this is the most objectionable book that's ever been written for mankind.

After I got out of college, I was a commissioned officer in the Army Signal Corps. I was in France about the time you were born, Larry. I got into an argument with a medical doctor. The rubber factories in Akron, Ohio, had just gone on strike, and I said, "Well, you know, if they need increased wages and overtime, even in wartime, they have a right to go on strike."

The doctor blew up. She said, "And I bet you, you're nothing but a god-damned Atheist too."

I said, "I beg your pardon?"

She said, "You're nothing but a god-damned Atheist!"

I said, "What's an Atheist?"

She said, "Oh, you don't believe in God."

That's the first time I ever heard the word. Then later on, when I came back to the States, I went to a library in Baltimore, Maryland. The word *Atheist* wasn't even listed in the card catalog. One morning I picked up the Baltimore paper, and there was an article about a female doctor in London who had gone on radio and said she was an Atheist. It had created an extraordinary to-do. I clipped that out and carried it around in my purse for a long time. I knew I wasn't alone; there were two Atheists in the world.

HUSTLER: We've discussed what Atheism implies, but what is it exactly?

O'HAIR: Atheism simply means free of theism. Whatever the monkey it is that you've got on your back, we don't have it. If you're an Atheist in India, by and large you're fighting the Hindu religion; or in Iran you're fighting Islam; or in Israel you're fighting the Judaic religion.

Here in the United States we're fighting Christianity. If you want to play with idiotic ideas, go on over in the corner and play with them. But we would like to go about life and the problems of life and the joys of living unencumbered by any of that.

We conceive that some religious terms are nonsense words. *Death* is a nonsense term. You don't know anything about death. All you know about is life. *Transcend* is a nonsense word. I'm so fed up with religious people transcending this or that. All right, I'll sit here. You transcend. *Prayer* is a nonsense word. *God* is a nonsense word. *Heaven*, *hell* and so on.

If anybody says to an Atheist, "Do you believe in God?" the Atheist doesn't say, "No, I don't believe in God," because the question presupposes that there is a God. So the Atheist does not respond to that. The Atheist simply asks you what god you are talking about. Are you talking about Zeus?

HUSTLER: Do you believe that we should have standards of morality?

O'HAIR: I have never committed a sin in my life, and I don't know any Atheist who has committed one. We make errors; everyone does. But one's life can't be ruined by guilt over errors. I can't understand what you mean about morality. For example, if I as a reasonably prudent person know the consequences of my actions—consequences to

myself, to other people, to society—then I need to be responsible for the consequences of my actions, right?

If a woman is going to have sexual intercourse, she should guard against two things: venereal disease and pregnancy. If she does not guard against venereal disease, she should know then that she might get it; or if she does not guard against pregnancy, she must recognize the possibility of pregnancy. If she gets one or the other, she has to handle that. It's nobody's business except her own. The same thing with us. If I make a mistake, I will correct that mistake to the best of my ability. But I'm not going to focus in on that for the rest of my life and say, "Oh, my God, I have sinned. Oh, Father, forgive me." This is ridiculous. It's bizarre.

HUSTLER: When I say morality, I'm not talking about it in a spiritual sense; I'm talking about rules with which to coexist.

O'HAIR: I obey one set of laws. We absolutely, beautifully obey one set of laws—traffic lights, because they're reasonable. Every other single set of laws or moral values we look at and ask, "Why were these laws made up? Who benefits from them? Who is controlled by them? Where is the fallout of these laws leading to? Is a law really for the benefit of all mankind? Is it for the benefit of a few, or is this a particular idiotic idea that has been given expression?"

HUSTLER: But now, Madalyn, we're talking about a society here in America with more than 215 million people—

O'HAIR: I don't want to quibble! It appears to me that with respect to certain things we must cooperate with one another in order to sustain a kind of unique quality of human existence. What I'm concerned about is that here we are in the 20th century, the Age of Technology, and we have a system of morality put together in 6,000 B.C.

HUSTLER: You say that Jesus Christ never existed. Do you think any of the ancient prophets ever existed?

O'HAIR: I think Moses is a myth. Jesus is a myth. Listen, all you've got to do is one thing and I'll believe. We're told that when Jesus was crucified, a darkness covered the face of the earth for four hours. Find me any astronomical records of this. Because they were really keeping records in China—when the sun went up, when it came down, when the various planets moved, and every eclipse. They kept records for almost 4,000 years. The astronomers in Persia did the same. Show me one American Indian, one South American Indian, one culture that recorded that the earth was darkened for four hours at that particular time, and I'll believe. There is

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nothing; there is nothing—anywhere—for your gods, any of them.

HUSTLER: So there's no way you're going to buy the virgin birth?

O'HAIR: Oh, come on (*laughing*). No. As I once said, maybe in a *Playboy* interview, that was the goddamndest lie of all time. And you know what I do when college students ask me about the virgin birth? I say, "All right, all of you young men, your girlfriends wouldn't come with you because of me. When you go home tonight, if she comes up to you and she's dripping with jism, and she tells you, 'The Holy Ghost was just here, and he balled me,' would you accept that?"

They get absolutely furious. They don't know what to do. But it's the truth. It was the goddamndest lie that was ever told to cover up a pregnancy in this world. Even though it was a mythological pregnancy.

Invariably, some college kid will stand up and say, "Well, where did you come from?" And I will invariably answer: "My mother and father were fucking one night, and..." This usually brings down the house.

When the laughter stops, I always say: "You see, you are so ignorant that you cannot couch a question in correct terms. What you should have asked is, 'From whence is life derived?'" That always sets them off again.

Then I see in the audience signs and banners concerned with Christ, and I usually open my remarks with, "I see we have some outpatients in the audience tonight." When a young woman gets up and says, "Jesus is coming," I always relate this to sex and reply, "How dare you say that about your lord! You mean he is coming now? Did you make him come, or did he masturbate?" It is such a shocking concept to a college audience that first there is nervous, shocked tittering, and then finally absolute riotous laughter—that someone would dare think in those terms about J. C.

HUSTLER: You say that Atheism is a lifestyle. How do the Atheist's values apply to his or her daily life?

JON GARTH MURRAY: Our lifestyle is eclectic. In other words, we don't throw all of our beans into one pot; we don't have a set system of morality or a set system for our existence as propounded by, for instance, Christianity, in which there is a set biblical system of rules into which you fit yourself. We look around us at all the various sets of rules, all the different world systems, and we pick the best from all of them to form our own thing. And each individual Atheist has his own system.

So we don't try to fit ourselves in any kind of an overview. We can change in

our opinion. We can change in our moral system. Religion cannot. The Christian lifestyle designation is the same now essentially as it was in the Middle Ages. It hasn't changed with technology; it hasn't changed with new ideas; it hasn't changed with greater communication. The rules are the same rules they were preaching 1,500 years ago.

HUSTLER: You have a symbol for Atheism. Would you explain the meaning of it?

O'HAIR: For many years the pansy was the symbol for Atheism because it is a little flower that looks like a human face, as if it might have the capacity for understanding, thinking. (The word *pansy* is derived from the Latin word *pensare*, "to think.")

HUSTLER: Why was it changed?

O'HAIR: We still have it. We retained it, but at the same time we wanted a new symbol.

JON GARTH MURRAY: We use the scientific method in our day-to-day life a great deal, so we picked something to symbolize the atomic world—electrons spinning around a nucleus. And in that atom we left one of the orbits broken to symbolize that not all the answers are to be found as yet through science. And with that orbit broken too, the whole thing kind of looks like the letter A, symbolizing Atheism.

HUSTLER: Madalyn, what have you accomplished? What have you been involved in over the years in terms of reiterating the separation of church and state?

O'HAIR: We started in 1959 to see if we could at least de-Christianize the public schools insofar as compulsory Bible-reading and the uniform recitation of the Lord's Prayer were concerned. We took that to the United States Supreme Court. Immediately following that we started a court case that would have required churches to pay taxes on two different aspects of their corporate structure: their real-estate holdings and profits from their businesses unrelated to religion.

For instance, when a church owns a corset factory, there's no way they can stretch that to say it has to do with the Lord. So we filed those two suits. We lost both of them. But because we lost them, you see, we engaged in something called litigious education. That is, I will file a suit, knowing that there is a 95% chance I'm going to lose. But I use that suit as a vehicle to go out and make speeches, appear on television and radio programs, go to high schools and colleges, be interviewed in newspapers and magazines, in order to argue for the end that I was trying to reach in the suit.

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So although we lost the two suits, a bill was introduced in Congress—and I'm convinced it was because of our agitations and because the news media were so good. The Internal Revenue Service introduced the bill to force churches to start paying taxes on unrelated businesses. The law was passed in 1969, and enacted in 1970.

The churches were given seven years to divest themselves of their unrelated businesses. Now if Sears had been involved, they wouldn't have been given five minutes. When it was finally time for the churches to start filing their informational tax returns, they said they would not do so. Well, 1977 came and went; in 1978 an enormous battle arose with the Internal Revenue Service that remains unresolved.

The churches are now refusing to reveal any of their holdings. They are refusing to report and have told the IRS to go to hell. And they're powerful enough to do it. So this is one area of concern I'm happy I started, and I think that the IRS will ultimately win.

Then, of course, we had the extraordinary spectacle of the United States government putting Christianity into orbit. We were horrified. I sued NASA, when at the time of the Apollo 8 mission there was a deliberate instruction, code-named Experiment P-1, whereby the astronauts, as it said in the flight plan, were "ordered to have a spontaneous manifestation of religious awe" at 7:31 p.m.

HUSTLER: It was a military order?

O'HAIR: At 7:31 p.m. plus 10 seconds the two space travelers were supposed to enter this euphoric mood and recite from memory the first ten verses of the first chapter of Genesis. Every single network around the world was going to pick it up. And this was to show the world that it was not a Moslem (and this was Thomas Paine, a NASA administrator, speaking) who got to the moon first, not a Hindu, not a Marxist, not an Atheist, but a Christian—the short-haired guy with the Bible under his arm.

This was a Christian propaganda coup, exercised by our government. And, of course, I filed suit. I lost that case; I'm quite frequently thrown out of court on a procedural basis, not on a substantive basis, because they know I'm right. Nevertheless, the sum and substance from that suit was that we do not have religion in our space program. And it should not be there, because we cannot have a probe going past Mars with someone on board reading the New Testament. That would be ludicrous.

Then, of course, we were part of the *Walz* case, which asked for the taxation of church real-estate holdings. We lost

on that issue too, but as in California we can go back now with Proposition 13—a measure to reduce property taxes and government spending—and win, or have such a psychological impact with a new case to tax the churches. If taxes are imposed on wills and devisements, on gains from stocks or bonds, on land, on business enterprises, then the church should not be excused from those taxes either. And I feel that that's what the intent of the First Amendment is when it says Congress shall make no law with respect to the establishment of a religion.

HUSTLER: Do you feel that the country is perfecting a separation of church and state, or are things still going along slowly or are they going backward?

O'HAIR: We are in a worse position now than we were in 1776. We have regressed farther.

HUSTLER: There is no prayer in public schools.

O'HAIR: Oh, but that is not substantive. The thing is that churches have more covert power than ever before. When the Internal Revenue Service was having hearings with respect to nonrelated church businesses, an IRS man testified before Congress that if nobody ever gave another penny to any church anywhere, the wealth of all the churches would continue to grow astronomically.

HUSTLER: Off interest in investments?

O'HAIR: Right. They no longer need to depend on their congregations. They are completely independent from them financially.

HUSTLER: Why have churches become more prosperous and powerful? Isn't it happening at a point in our history when every statistic you can marshal shows that church attendance is down, that fewer people are members of churches, that fewer people even bother to profess belief? Why this dichotomy between what's happening with the federal power structure on one hand and with religious attitudes on the other?

O'HAIR: But it's so simple. You see, every person who aspires to some sort of political position passes all those churches and sees the cars parked outside. Constantly approached by the religious community, they are told if you do this or that, we can deliver a million votes, 2 million votes, 18 million votes to you. The Baptists say, "We can deliver 18 million votes." The Roman Catholic Church, every election, keeps saying, "We've got almost 50 million people in our church."

So a politician will not do anything to offend a single grass-roots organization that could influence voters. Try to get anyplace opposing the Mormons in

(continued on page 117)

This column will help to simplify purchasing mail-order products. We will review mail-order items, not to endorse them but to let you know what you will receive. (Companies are invited to send us sample merchandise and information.) If you have a problem with a dealer, write us so that we can alert other readers. Include the dealer's name, address and all pertinent facts; we'll contact the firm and check it out for you. And if you've dealt with a reliable dealer, we'd like to know that too. Write to **HUSTLER Mail-Order Feedback**, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, California 90067.

CONTEMPO CON JOB

I ordered four films from *Contempo* (234 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10001) for a total of \$20. The ad promised that I'd also receive a \$10 photo-illustrated "porno picture book" as a bonus. Well, it took more than eight weeks to get my package, and when I opened it, I nearly shit in my pants. This stuff is crap! I've included the merchandise for your perusal.

—G. B.
Lihue, Kauai, Hawaii

You're right, pal—*Contempo* delivered crap to you. This company sent G. B. four tiny reels of shitty film and a little 1960s photo book. The films were snippets of dry-humping that were spooled upside down and backwards. Each one lasted a minute, if that long. The book had all the hot action of *The \$1.98 Beauty Show*. If I had spent \$20 on this feeble junk, I'd be pissed off too.

Our advertising department has contacted *Contempo* and demanded that it shape up or ship out of our pages. Even though we've warned our readers that they can't get porn films for \$5-\$10 apiece, there's no excuse for *Contempo* selling this trash other than to rip people off. You can get a refund by shipping the merchandise back to *Marcus & Liker Associates, Inc.* (114 East 32nd Street, New York, New York 10016).

PHONE-PHUCKS

I'm writing about *Free Phone Talk* (P.O. Box 22635, Memphis, Tennessee 38122). This club tells you you'll receive phone numbers of girls in your area. It claims it will send you a 40-page booklet of photos and that you can call up the girls anytime.

Bullshit! When I sent them the \$20 to join, all I got was a list of three numbers in Tennessee, not in my area, and instead of a booklet I got a mimeographed sheet with the names of five girls listed on it, along with the message that I could talk live with them only between 10 and 11 a.m. Central Time.

When I called, all I got was a cheap recording that was barely audible. My complaints to *Free Phone Talk* have somehow been disconnected along the way. Please warn your readers.

—L. F. M.
Cleveland, Ohio

Tammy's Phone Club (Scorpione Productions,

P.O. Box 2998, St. Louis, Missouri 63130) seems to be a rip-off. I engaged its services to the tune of \$29, which I paid for with my VISA card. After waiting two weeks for the the club's introductory package, I called to inquire and was told it does not service the St. Louis area. This is hard to understand, especially because my VISA account shows me owing \$29. The answering-service person told me it wasn't her problem, and she wouldn't give me the phone number of anyone I could complain to. Can you help me?

—J. P.
St. Charles, Missouri

We have already branded *Free Phone Talk* as a Shifty Seller and banished its ads from our pages. The ad itself was misleading. It said, "Call toll-free 1-901-452-5786; if no answer call 1-800-238-5759." Anyone who's spent any time on the phone knows that the area code on all toll-free calls is 800. The "toll-free" number with the 901 area code is actually a direct-dial number that you, the caller, pay for. Our ad department should have caught that.

Tammy's Phone Club's problem with J. P. was caused by a switchboard operator who didn't know her asshole from a receiver. True, the phone club doesn't accept members in the St. Louis area because it doesn't want to be deluged with local calls, but the girl could have handled J. P. more delicately. We stepped in, and *Tammy's Phone Club* is returning J. P.'s \$29, which was automatically billed by VISA.

WHERE'S AL?

I sent a check for \$11.50 to *Big Al Tufaro* at the *Mail-Order Film Store* (220 West 22nd Street, New York, New York 10011) with my order for six 8mm films. I got a confirmation card five weeks later, but that's all. It's been well over four months now, and still no films. Could you help?

—J. S.
Hillsboro, Iowa

We notified *Big Al* that we were interested in hearing from him about your complaint and several others, but so far he has refused to talk to us. *Big Al* used to be associated with *Inner Circle*, a Shifty Seller that declared bankruptcy last year, so our readers should beware when they see his ads in other magazines.

PORTABLE PORTHOLE

Bob S. Enterprises (Department ER, 15 Reiner Drive, Trumbull, Connecticut 06611) offers an item that any HUSTLER reader would be proud to put on his wall, maybe to cover up those cum stains. It's called the Authentic Porthole Photo-Frame, and it's great for displaying your favorite photos. These are real portholes of polished or chromium-plated brass, mounted on genuine leather backings in red, blue, black, brown and green. Faceplates open easily to change photos.

One of these masculine-looking fixtures turned the *Mail-Order Feedback* room wall into a showcase to be proud of, especially since the other editors at HUSTLER tend to gather around any hole in the office and admire it. The Authentic Porthole Photo-Frame costs \$46.50 postpaid. There's a money-back guarantee, but I doubt if you'll need it. This is one product that's got class.

SIDESHOW SMUT

There's good news for our readers who have been asking about smut-midget movies. *Kinematics* (708 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10036) is offering the film "Anal Dwarf," which is #201 in its *Jays of Erotica* series.

A bearded midget (he's not really a dwarf) finds a big, busty brunette in his living room, tying her pussy lips into knots. She helps him up on a chair and starts sucking his cock. When he feels like he's ten feet tall, this pint-sized porn star scampers off the chair, falls on his ass, jumps up and starts humping the woman doggy-style. The flick climaxes after he pulls out his pygmy poker and jams it back into her mouth.

Kinematics sells "Anal Dwarf" in both Regular and Super 8 for \$20. The price is a little steep considering that most of the film is slightly out-of-focus, but the color is good, and the stars are out-of-the-ordinary. Pussy-lip freaks will marvel at how far the heroine, Square Knot Sally, can stretch her elastic labia. And any guy who feels intimidated by John Holmes's massive sausage will find new hope when he watches this sideshow stud bring the lusty bitch to her knees.

LOVEMUSCLE BEACH

Where can I get hold of a list of nude beaches?

—J. B.
Henderson, Kentucky

You should drop a line to *Free Beaches* (P.O. Box 132, Oshkosh, Wisconsin 54902). The *Free Beaches Documentation Center* keeps tabs on nude-swimming areas, the latest ordinances governing nude bathing, etc. You can order the "Free Beaches Guide" for \$2 and get yourself on the center's mailing list for another \$2.

PAUL & PETRA

Several months ago *Paul & Petra* (1610 Argyle Avenue, Suite 102, Hollywood, California 90028) pulled its ads from HUSTLER's pages when it found that its distributors had delivered a bad batch of soft-core European films. Due to a communication breakdown we reported that our advertising department had stopped the *Paul & Petra* ads, so we'd like to clear that up right now. *Paul & Petra* reports that it has a new line of Scandinavian films that will please hard-core tastes. We'll have more to say about them in upcoming columns.

BEST BY MAIL

For Rates: Write National, Box 5, Sarasota, FL 33578

*RENT A Date! Everywhere America! Your lifestyle! (Deductible) *Hotline (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091

*BE A RENT-A-Date girl! Anonymously-Everywhere! Earn! Call (refundable) *Hotline: (212) 461-2421, (212) 359-6273, (212) 461-6091 Now!

COLLEGE Students! Improve your grades. Send \$1.00 for 356-page, term paper catalog. 10,250 available. Box 25918(HS), Los Angeles, Ca. 90025. (213) 477-8226.

INCREASE height! Details 35¢. Tall-Up (50107), Box 32307, Louisville, Ky. 40232

GASOLINE mileage doubled! Details free! Techneers, Box 1688(H), Columbia, Mo. 65201

MEXICAN Pot! Weight 2 oz. Send \$10.00. Amerimax Co., 1128 Colusa St., San Diego, Ca. 92110

PERSONAL MISCELLANEOUS

FREE French tickler, sex catalog! New, 7247-H Eccles, Dallas, Tx. 75227

UNBELIEVABLE Picture: Man "Faced" with fox nude girl. \$3.00. Specht, Box 1012, Carlsbad, Ca. 92008

GAL'S Swinging Group now accepts men! Carolyn, Box 2375-H, Sarasota, Ca. 33578

JAPANESE Girls make wonderful wives. We have large number of listings. Many interested in marriage. Only \$2.00 brings application, photos, names, descriptions, etc. Japan International, Box 156-H, Carleil Bay, Ca. 95711

THOUSAND Ladies Photos Matrimonial Catalog. \$2.00. Intercontact, Box 737, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302

MEET local, hometown swingers! \$3.00. Box 7331(H), Tacoma, Wa. 98407

BEAUTIFUL Mexican-Oriental girls needing American boy-friends. Free details, "actual" photos. World, Box 3876-HUST, San Diego, Ca. 92103

HAVE pretty girls write to you. Big list. Sample photo. Rush stamp. Joni's, Box 20809(N), Atlanta, Ga. 30320

ARE YOU lonely? Photographs, descriptions, men, women. \$1.50 postpaid. Ladysmith, Box 5686(H), Light-house Point, FL 33064

SWINGERS SWINGERS

Sophisticated couples and singles over 21 interested in exciting parties, meetings and correspondence with other discreet, fun-loving types. Send for free color brochure. Select, Box 889, Dept. HD, Camden, N.J. 08101

SEX PERVERSIONS colour-catalogs. \$2.00. Monika Iversen, P.O. Box 56, 6330 Padborg, Denmark

BEAUTIFUL MEXICAN girls! Introductions! Photos, information free. Latins, Box 1716(HS), Chula Vista, Ca. 92012

ORIENTAL Girls nude. Jumbo color close-up photos. \$2.00. Command, Box 14594-H, Orlando, FL 32857

SWEDISH girls traveling USA! Photos, details \$1.00. Ingrid, Box 338(H), Wilmette, IL 60091

MEET sexual friends nationwide. Tracy, Box 405(HS), Wilmette, IL 60091. 312-262-9800.

BEAUTIFUL Girls, all continents, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes-Verlag, Box 110560/H, Berlin 11, West Germany

XXX RATED! Paperback written off restroom walls! Original graffiti. Great party entertainment. \$3.50. Specht, Box 1012, Carlsbad, Ca. 92008

SEVEN inch finger shaped personal vibrator. Fine and slim for her and him. \$5.50. Anna's, Box 294, Bellair, Tx. 77401

PROSTITUTES directory! Details \$1.00. Directory (50108), Box 426, Dayton, Oh. 45401

OVERSEXED gals need men with cars! Details \$1.00. TRA, Box 7425(HC), Chicago, IL 60680

CONDOMS 6 for \$1

1 ea. Rough Rider, Stimula, Hugger, Nuda, Conture, Tahiti. Sampler Limit 1 per Household. Send \$1 cash or MO to GMS 900 Main, Shelbyville, TX 75973

CHOOSE YOUR PLEASURE WITH OVER

5000 HOOKERS

From COAST To COAST

Brand new NATIONAL HOOKERS' GUIDE lists Hookers' names, addresses, phone numbers, descriptions and revealing photos. Available for straight, French, English, Greek or whatever you desire. Rates from \$5.00 up. Latest up-to-date information. Only complete directory of its kind. Choose your pleasure today! 2.95 State your age.

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Perverted Porno
8 FREE COLOR MOVIES

FORBIDDEN TOPICS NOT PREVIOUSLY AVAILABLE!
EIGHT OF OUR RAUNCHIEST STAG FILMS FOR YOUR NAME, ADDRESS & \$3 - INCLUDES CATALOG!

FREE! \$25
worth of colorfully illustrated
HARDCORE MAGAZINES
for your name, address & \$2!
RECEIVE FILMS, MAGS & SURPRISE GIFT \$5
COLLECTORS EXCHANGE
7471 Melrose Ave., L.A., CA 90046

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YOUR FAVORITE
CARTOON
CHARACTERS
IN WILDLY FUNNY
EXAGGERATED
SEX ACTS!

10 FOR \$5
24 FOR \$10
ORDER NOW -
SUPPLY LIMITED

OUTRAGEOUS 100 FOOT
COLOR \$3 EACH
8 Films \$10 12 Films \$20
HARDCORE MOVIES!

CARTOON
DICK THE TEASER
TERRY & THE PREVENTS
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OUR GANG BANG

CARTCO. DEPT. HU 26
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SAVE YOUR MONEY

FREE SAMPLES OF GENUINE PORNOGRAPHY

OUR MATERIAL IS SO STRONG IN EVERY DETAIL OF NORMAL AND BIZARRE SEX ACTS THAT WE KNOW ONCE YOU SEE OUR SAMPLES YOU'LL BE A STEADY CUSTOMER!!

JUST WRITE -
WE'LL DO THE REST!!

We know it's hard to convince you to try mail order, we will justify your confidence in us by price - delivery - service.....
AND FREE SAMPLES!!!

HERE'S HOW IT WORKS

Simply check items below that you wish to have rushed to you by return mail. Please enclose \$1 postage and handling for each item selected, or lower bulk rates as described under titles. We will process your order within 24 hours and include a 100% refund credit slip that may be used towards any purchase from our giant discount catalog.



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- ☐ Color Climax
- ☐ Orgasm Orgy
- ☐ Kinky Sex
- ☐ Hard Bondage
- ☐ Bizarre Sex
- ☐ Sucking Sex
- ☐ All Six Only \$5 Postage & Handling

NEW HARDCORE FILMS 100 FT

- ☐ Muff Divers
- ☐ Cheerleaders
- ☐ Meat Beaters
- ☐ Farm Fun
- ☐ Black Shaft
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GET HER HOT SEX AIDS

- ☐ Rubber Penis
- ☐ Orgasm Intensifier
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Enclosed please find \$ for items I have checked. I understand my merchandise will be rushed to me with a 100% refund credit slip good on any future purchase from our giant discount catalog!!

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G-I-A-N-T
DISCOUNT
CATALOG

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With Any
Order!
100's of
Photos!

**GET
HER
HOT!**



**TURN
HER
ON!**

**YOU CAN
DO IT WITH . . .**
a powerful placebo called
PERSUADERS

A pinch in her food or drink and
get ready for instant love-making.
She'll be turned on for hours of wild
passion and lots of lovin'.
Works so fast you should take
some yourself.
No prescription.
Extra strong and safe to use.

**STAY HARD and
CONTROL YOURSELF**
with **PETER PILLS**.

Make male organ rock hard
and help control ejaculation.
This placebo can help restore vigor,
potency and performance.
Be **BIG** where it counts.

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- ☐ **BOTH \$9**

DEPENDABLE Products Dept. 4191
6311 Yucca St. Hollywood, Ca. 90028



Virgins & Older Men

- 200 ft. collection
- Part 1. Naughty Teaser, \$3
- Part 2. New Stuff, \$3
- Part 3. Tight Pussy, \$3
- Part 4. Cherry Popper, \$3
- All 4, \$10

- Extra thick mags
- 192 pages \$3 ea.
- All 4, \$10
- Special! All 4 films
- + all 4 mags. \$15



200 FT. FILM NAUGHTY GIRLS

- ☐ Sex On The Farm (1 girl - 1 stud)
- ☐ Next Door Playmate (1 girl - 1 boy)
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- ☐ Mr. Buy My Cookies (2 girls - 1 man)
- \$3 Each - All 4 parts \$9

TRU-VU DEPT. TV587

P.O. BOX 1835 NO. HOLLYWOOD, CA 91604

SURPRISE!!

(after the game)



24" x 36"

\$5.00

Full color lifelike poster behind the scene with 8 luscious
all-American cheerleaders. It's like you're in the locker
room with them.

I am over 21 years old
Please send me _____ "after the game" poster(s)

24" x 36" at \$5.00 each \$ _____

Add \$1.00 for postage and handling
Total enclosed \$ _____

Send check or money order to
PRETTY HOT POSTERS
P.O. Box 748
North Hollywood, CA 91603

HU1079

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Fast Delivery PLEASE PRINT

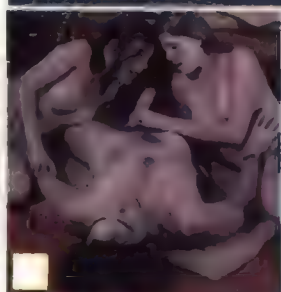
USE ENTIRE AD AS ORDER FORM

**THE GIRLS
NEXT DOOR**

**3 FANTASTIC NEW
EROTIC FILM FANTASIES**

Did you ever wonder about that clean-
cut, good looking young blonde next
door? Or the redhead down the street?
Well, we did! And what we found out will
positively blow your mind! Each of the
3 NEW FULL-Color Films below
is a close-up, "sneak" peek
at those beautiful 'Girls
next Door' at their Homest!!!

Check film selections in the appropriate boxes below



CO-ED ORGY

Three young women attack
three young men in a
dirty, no-holds-barred
orgy. #AF-664



GARDENERS ORAL SURPRISE

Two young women work as
lawn mowers for a
young man. #AF-705



CAMPUS CUM FREAKS

A group of young
men and women
have a wild party
on a college campus. #AF-706

Check Your Preference ☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ Super 8mm



**100%
GUARANTEED**

If you don't have a projector
Try our Convertable - Reg. 8mm/Super 8mm.

**MOVIE
VIEWER**

ONLY \$14.95 with the purchase
of any film.

Viewer Alone \$19.95

- ✓ Requires only 2 small penlite batteries.
- ✓ Large, bright color or B & W image.
- ✓ Accepts any length film up to 200ft.
- ✓ Adjustable focus eyepiece.
- ✓ Precision, no-skip shutter.
- ✓ 15 second threading.
- ✓ Stops action on any frame.

- ☐ #N-504a - Reg. 8mm Converts to Super 8mm
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FILM PRICES

\$19.95 each

all 3 only \$49.95



TOLL FREE PHONE ORDERS

CHARGE CARDS **1-800-423-2355**

VISA ONLY Calif. residents dial 1-800-232-2175

24hr. Day

7 Day Wk.

MUST BE 21

Signature: _____ Age: _____

Print Your Name: _____

Address: _____

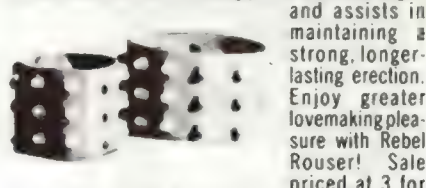
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Diverse Industries, Inc. Dept. - CY 7851 Haskell Ave. Van Nuys, Ca. 91406

TEN INCHES POSSIBLE!

Would you like to have an 8, 9 or 10 INCH COCK? We can give it to you! All you need is the DESIRE and to make the DECISION to ACT TODAY, and in SIX WEEKS OR LESS, depending on how you respond, you could have a COCK UP TO 10 INCHES LONG. No fancy creams to use, no capsules to take and no artificial appliances to wear. Experience the pride of displaying your BIG COCK to your favorite playmate, she will be amazed and delighted at just the sight of it. Imagine the erotic sensations when you slip it into her, filling her completely. Don't wait the sooner you order the sooner your fantasies will be realized. We can't guarantee that everyone will acquire a cock ten inches long but it will be A MINIMUM OF EIGHT INCHES. Send \$6.95 to ENLARGEMENT TECHNIQUES, Dept. 4191, 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Ca. 90028.

ALWAYS SATISFY HER!



Rebel Rouser™ a soft nipped latex ring designed to stimulate her to greater heights of sexual excitement. Rebel Rouser fits snugly over the male organ and assists in maintaining a strong, longer-lasting erection. Enjoy greater lovemaking pleasure with Rebel Rouser! Sale priced at 3 for \$3, or 6 for \$4.95. Satisfaction guaranteed or full refund. Send to: Adam & Eve Dept. HU9-A, Box 900 Carrboro, N.C. 27510



Today's No.1 Bedroom BEST SELLER!

page after page of explicit exciting sexual techniques with answers in words and pictures to achieve a more satisfying sex life. You'll see in out "INTIMATE PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL LOVE" over 250 photos of young sensuous couples photographed in actual sexual intercourse. Now Only \$4.98 add \$1.00 P & H You must state you are over 18 yrs. of age.

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Superstars of Sex

1008 feet of NON-STOP, Pulse-Pumping Porno film
FEATURING the HOTTEST STARS ON FILM TODAY! ADULTS ONLY

☐ LINDA LOVELACE The amazing DEEP THROAT girl: See the most erotic mouth in history work its wonders! 138 ft.

☐ MARILYN Rare collector's classic. Hollywood's revered sex-queen in a shocking sexual performance! 150 ft. (B&W only)

☐ RICK CASSIDY This virile superstar shows a foxy young girl what burning, churning L...king is all about! 176 ft. (Color only)

☐ JOHN HOLMES The undisputed, 14" KING OF COCKS, socks it to 2 gorgeous, sex-crazed beauties! 190 ft.

☐ RENE BOND Ravishing porno-princess in a hot, wet sex orgy with 2 horny chicks & a hung stud! 180 ft.

☐ USCHI DIGARD Big-busted star of Supervixens appears in May '77 Playboy - stars in this sizzling autoerotic film feast. 180 ft.

Specify: ☐ B&W ☐ Color ☐ Reg. 8mm ☐ Super 8mm
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"No More Bedroom Fatigue"

Now make every nite a **Sexual Marathon** with Fantastic Placebo Sex Aids.

Special 2.98 ea.

Everyone is talking about these fantastic sex stimulants. Now at last eliminate bedroom problems and enjoy a thrilling new sex life as never before. Turn her on and experience exploding erotic orgasms time and time again. Order now and save \$\$\$.

Spanish Fly Powder with sugar

Combination of genuine imported spices give a very stimulating effect on her private parts. 1 oz. **4.95 for only 2.98**

Wild Passion Ginseng

Since ancient times, Chinese have used Ginseng as an aphrodisiac to build virility and sexual potency. This is just what you've been looking for. 20 pills. **5.95 for only 2.98**

Seducing Powder

Stimulates her desire, makes her want to want you, mix it in Bloody Mary, hot soup or coffee and then stand by for the action. 1 oz. **4.95 for only 2.98**

Knockout Pills

Never before available in the American market, these "wowie" pills will sure do the job on her. She'll never know. 20 pills. **5.95 for only 2.98**

Virility Pills

A custom blend of exotic imported Oriental fragrant roots and spices. Get sexual power when you need it. 20 pills. **4.95 for only 2.98**

Prolong Pills

Stay hard longer with our special Prolong Pills and be still in there where the action is. Carefully compounded of Special spices from the Far East. 20 pills. **4.95 for only 2.98**

Erection Pills

Be the Big Man you've always wanted to be. You'll keep on balling when the others stop. 20 pills. **4.95 for only 2.98**

FDA does not recognize any drug or substance as an effective aphrodisiac or sexual stimulant. Sold as novelties only!

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Rise up and conquer, this incredible formula is a must for men who want increased dimensions and firmness. 20 pills. **5.95 for only 2.98**

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Have more fun, prevents premature ejaculation. Prolong sexual pleasures. She'll love you for it. 20 pills. **5.95 for only 2.98**

French Ticklers

Complete with condoms attached. Increase your sexual joys and achievements with these safe and sensuous ticklers. 3 ass't for 2.98 **5.95 for only 2.98**

APOTHECARY SALES Dept - HDJ add 50c per item Postage & Handling	
Box 226 West Hempstead, N.Y. 11552	
Spanish Fly w/ sugar	\$2.98
Wild Passion Ginseng	\$2.98
Seducing Powder	\$2.98
Knockout Pills	\$2.98
Virility Pills	\$2.98
Prolong Pills	\$2.98
Erection Pills	\$2.98
Hard-On Pills	\$2.98
Sta-Hard Pills	\$2.98
French Tickler	\$2.98
Super Special any five	\$10.95
Super Giant Special all 10	\$20.95

Signature _____ I am over 18 yrs. of age
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

A LONGER THICKER PENIS

NEW!

This PROVEN NATURAL WAY
Penis enlargement is now possible with our new TRANSVERSE VACUUM ENLARGER - a precision instrument, easy to operate, extremely durable and scientifically designed to make the male organ LONGER and THICKER. Also helps control premature ejaculation. See results the first time you use your enlarger. See how really BIG... how FAT... how LONG... how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get! And it feels so good to use!

Reg. \$35 • Our factory direct price only \$19.95

FACTORY DIST., Suite 609 Dept. 4191 6255 Sunset Bl., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

THIS IS NOT A GIMMICK!!

ABSOLUTELY FREE!

10 SEX BOOKS

GUARANTEED TO BE FULL LENGTH send \$2 to cover postage & handling

CR SALES Dept 4191 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, CA 90028

this is the greatest LEG-SPREADER

Spurious aphrodisiac even better than SPANISH FLY!

WANT HER TO TURN ON? Now you can get any woman to respond to your sexual desires. A little pinch of NYMPHOS and your partner will crave and need you to satisfy her. NYMPHOS can work so fast you may have to take some yourself. Safe. Easy to use and lasts for hours.

and placebo

STUD CAPS for men

Here's a NEW product to help you maintain erection and control ejaculation. Make every inch count with a little help from STUD CAPS. No prescription needed. Safe and long lasting.

like having PUSSY in a bottle!

send to: HELPERS Dept. 4191 6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

☐ NYMPHOS \$5
☐ STUD CAPS \$5
☐ BOTH \$9

EROTIC FILMS

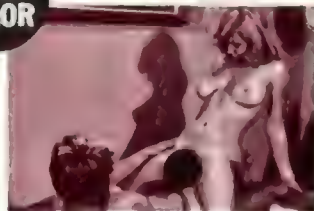
HOT & HORNY SEX ACTION IN FULL COLOR MAGAZINES & MARITAL AIDS



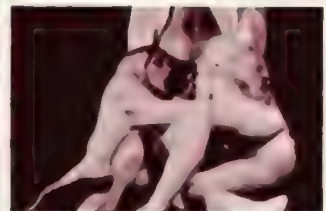
1 Candy Samples returns by popular demand and she's hotter than she's ever been!! She has tits enough for 12 men at once, but Dick has them all to himself! \$5



2 3 horny nymphos attack 1 stud, & show new ways to turn him on & get him off! Watch 3 hungry tongues and 6 tender, warm thighs in hot, juicy action! \$5



3 This beauty queen is the sexiest blonde that Rick Cassidy's ever seen. They get it on passionately... & try it all, from "missionary" to "69". \$5



4 A beautiful blonde "groupie" is spread on Dr.'s table for a checkup. Patient & nurse turn the tables - they "examine" Doc & give him their special "cure". He has to be taken away in a wheelchair! \$5

Vibrators



Quality vibrator. When used properly, can awaken even the most frigid woman.

#9 • \$3

Magazines

Sexplicit, color loaded magazines! 2 hot \$5.00 mags for only \$3.00 100's more in catalog.



#11 • \$3

FREE 40 PAGE QUALITY ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH ANY ORDER! \$3 VALUE

CHECK ONE: ☐ Reg. 8 ☐ Super 8

#	#	#	#	#	#

Postage & Handling \$2.00 TOTAL AMOUNT:

U.S.A. only

CHARGE IT BY PHONE
With Charge Cards Only!
24 hrs. a day, 7 days a wk.
1-213-988-6545

VISA MasterCard

ACCT. NO.

Exp. Date:

INTERBANK NO.

Mo. Yr. (The numbers on your check)

I DECLARE THAT I AM AN ADULT BEING 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OVER. I desire to receive sexually oriented advertisements and, authorize you and affiliated companies to mail me such advertisements, unless and until I notify you in writing to stop sending me such advertisements. I prefer to receive these advertisements in plain envelopes, rather than having the words "Sexually Oriented Ad" or any similar information appear on the outside of the envelope. I am receiving or purchasing the sexually oriented material for my private use in my own home and will not sell the material or retransmit or exhibit it to others. I believe that an adult citizen has the constitutional right to view or read adult material he desires, including sexually explicit material. I also believe that such material does not offend the standards or laws of the community in which I live. I am not a postal inspector.

I have not requested the Post Office Department, or anyone else, to "protect" me against receipt of sexually oriented advertisements. In the event I ever make such a request, I agree to so notify you in writing within 3 days, requesting you to remove my name from your files.

Signature: _____ Age: _____

Print Your Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

DIVERSE INDUSTRIES, INC. 7651 Haskell Dept. CY Van Nuys, Ca., 91406

INFLATE WITH AIR OR WATER



ARTIFICIAL AGINA \$5

Close your eyes and put your finger in it. You'll swear it's the real thing. So lifelike and supple, you may never want anything else. Inflate with air or warm water, adjust for "tightness." Thousands of men have paid up to \$25 for artificial vaginas not half as lifelike as this one. New design breakthrough lets us offer this unique pleaser for only \$5...\$10 with vibrating option. Order today from...

LIFETIME PRODUCTS M-93

30529 Terminal Annex, Los Angeles, Ca. 90030

ERECTION PROBLEMS?

An agency of the U.S. Govt. has declared that we may not claim amelioration of impotency, and we make no such claim. But we can tell you the gov't isn't God, that herbal remedies are widely accepted in other cultures, and native Indians discovered so called "miracle drugs" in nature centuries ago... like ASPIRIN in birch bark, QUININE in chinchona, DIGITALIS in foxglove. But their big discovery was DAMIANA, which they used as a stimulant for long, powerful erections. Now we have combined damiana with two other herbs of like repute to formulate our SUPER MALE TONIC. It doesn't work for everyone, but we have thousands of repeat customers! If you have erection worries or just want to improve your erection power, you certainly won't be sorry you tried it. Send for it today.



60 capsules, 200 mg...\$ 8.95
180 capsules (save \$6.90)...\$19.95

(For Air Shipment, add \$1 for reg. order, \$2 for large order)

ORGO-PHARM, DEPT. K 285
Box 30529, Los Angeles, CA 90030

GIANT SEX SAMPLER GRAB BAG MUST BE 21

ONLY \$18.75 BRINGS \$15 WORTH OF 1ST CLASS SEX PRODUCTS!

COLOR FILM - COLOR PHOTOS
BOOKS - SEX COMIX
RUBBER GODDS - SEX MANUAL

FREE 31 ADULT EROTICA CATALOG WITH 100'S OF HOT OFFERS

WAREHOUSE LIQUIDATORS
Box 7495 CY Van Nuys, Ca. 91409

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You will get

LIVE sex talk with Tammy and her sexy friends as often as you like

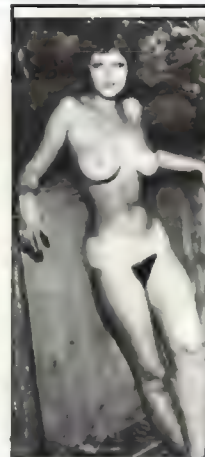
40-page book of revealing photos

new LIVE numbers monthly

CALL NOW
1-618-345-8550

Don't Now - Order-taker waiting

I NEED IT-BAD



Sometimes I get the itch so bad that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so, I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$3 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE,
P.O. Box 483 N 4
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)

PUBLISHERS OVERRUNS
FREE \$50.00
OF ADULT MAGAZINES!

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE?

WE'D LIKE TO GET YOU INTERESTED IN OUR PRODUCTS. SO, WE'LL START YOU OFF WITH FIFTY BUCKS WORTH OF ABSOLUTELY DYNAMITE MAGAZINES PLUS OUR GIANT CATALOG WHICH ENTITLES YOU TO CHOOSE MANY MORE SUBJECTS AT SAVINGS OF UP TO 70%.

HURRY, SUPPLY IS LIMITED!!!
PLEASE ENCLOSE \$3 POSTAGE (WHICH WE'LL REFUND ON YOUR 1st ORDER).

COLOR MOVIES/ WE'LL SEND YOU 4 DIFFERENT FILMS \$5

SHOW TIME, Dept. HJ 26
6311 Yucca St., L.A., Calif. 90028

Now available by mail direct from the

Porno Stores of New York-

XXX-RATED

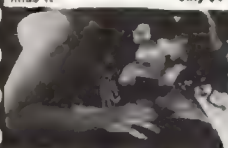
porno films

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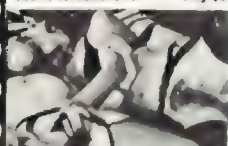
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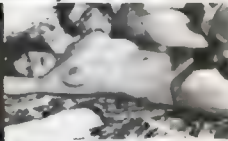
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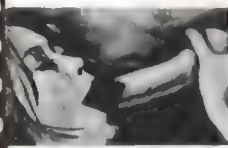
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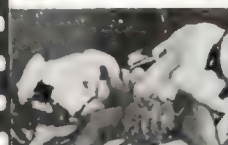
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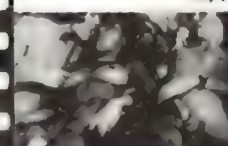
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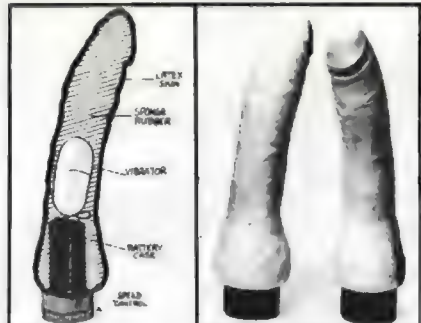
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MADALYN MURRAY O'HAIR

(continued from page 110)

Utah. Who's kidding whom? Try to get anyplace opposing the Lutherans in Minnesota or the Baptists down in Alabama, and see if you can hold the day.

As long as the politicians feel the churches can manipulate, they are going to give the churches all kinds of special places, special prestigious positions, special conditions under which they can operate. And also give them tax benefits and write-offs. Right now churches are getting a little more than \$50 billion a year in direct and indirect benefits from the United States government. So when do we stop?

HUSTLER: Would you please tell us about the circumstances of your arrest in Austin, Texas?

O'HAIR: I had business at the city council. When I went there, the presiding officer said, "Well, we will now pray."

I got up and said, "I won't pray."

He said, "Well, if you don't pray, you will leave the room."

I said, "I don't have to leave the city council room; I'm a taxpayer, and I have no intention of praying."

He said, "Well, then you just keep quiet while we do this."

"Why should I keep quiet?" I asked. "If I want to play a harmonica or do a jig here or talk, that's my business. I don't have to keep quiet while you're doing your thing." Whereupon I was arrested and taken out.

HUSTLER: What was the charge?

O'HAIR: Disrupting a public meeting. But you see, no prayer should be a part of a public meeting. They're having a wee little bit of difficulty with that, because if they say that the prayer *was* a part of the public meeting, I win. If, on the other hand, they charge me for disrupting a government function, then they have to admit that the government function included prayer. There's all kinds of ramifications from that, and it's in court right now.

JON GARTH MURRAY: We just won a major victory over an established state theocracy in North Carolina. We went into federal court, and the state attorney general agreed with the court and issued a consent decree there, saying, yes, we realize that a theocracy in our state is unconstitutional. It's been in our constitution for a hundred years but not recently enforced. Now we're just going to do away with it. That's an excellent precedent, and we hope we can use that to defeat similar conditions in Arkansas and Texas.

O'HAIR: What we are quite involved in

at the moment is symbolism. All the symbols of America have been very, very powerful ones. So we want people to understand that the symbols of our country have been seized by religion. For instance, our money—with the phrase "In God We Trust" on it—in essence is a billboard for God. Every time I pass a dollar bill or a ten, or a dime, quarter or nickel, I am reaffirming that "In God We Trust."

We Atheists are attempting to return the symbols of the nation to secular symbolisms. When I was growing up, I didn't pledge allegiance to the flag "under God," because that wasn't in the Pledge of Allegiance; it was added in 1954. The words "In God We Trust" were not mandated on our money until 1955. The national motto, "In God We Trust," did not come into being as such until 1956. So these are very recent manifestations of religion's power. If religion can seize the symbols, then from the seizure of the symbols it follows that tax dollars can be earmarked for religion. Then it doesn't matter if they get only 30% attendance.

HUSTLER: Do you think churches have any vested interest in promoting racism?

JON GARTH MURRAY: Oh, absolutely. When the Supreme Court just recently said that parochial schools do not have to integrate, it touched off a white flight to parochial schools. Then they want government money, busing and government books and tuition for those schools.

O'HAIR: The current fight is over the fact that 6,000 parochial schools, mostly Baptist, are not integrating. And the Internal Revenue Service has just laid a choice on them: If you want the tax exemption for your schools, you must follow the affirmative-action guidelines laid down in the Civil Rights Act of 1964-65. If you do not want to integrate your schools, we will revoke your tax exemption.

JON GARTH MURRAY: The whole argument is that the church says we want government money and government privileges without government rules and regulations—no strings attached. We're saying they can't have that. They have to take the government regulations that go with the money and the privileges.

HUSTLER: What type of people give you most of your financial support? What are their professions?

O'HAIR: We have a profile of the typical American Atheist. He is a male. He's 42 years old. He most probably has a master's degree. He is a business or professional person. Most important, almost all Atheists are Republicans or business or professional men of some

sort—persons who have, through their own efforts, directed their own lives. They don't need God. They have been able to get their own lives going.

HUSTLER: Do you think religion should have the right to exist under the First Amendment?

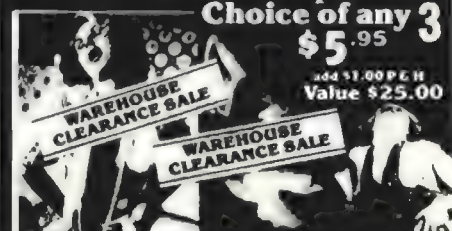
O'HAIR: Under the First Amendment, of course.

HUSTLER: And how about without the First Amendment?

O'HAIR: I feel that religion has been so pernicious and has caused such grief to all mankind that it is the single idea that has held us back in education, science, human relations, politics and economics. It is so pernicious and so destructive that it should be immediately confronted in a free marketplace of ideas—and overcome and defeated and eradicated if possible.

We will discover the origin of the universe some day, from the use of the scientific method that has brought us as far as we are today. The discovery will come through biochemistry at one end, or astrophysics at the other. It may even come from continuing to send out scientific space probes and analyzing the gathered data, but it will never come from reading a book written by a bunch of bare-assed, illiterate Jews wandering around in a desert, half-starved and hallucinating.

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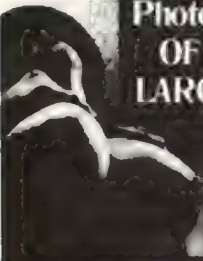
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HUSTLER: You say that you're a libertarian sexually.

O'HAIR: I've never said that I was a libertarian sexually. As a matter of fact, I'm one of the biggest goddamned stupid-assed puritans in the world. Stop to think, has anybody ever seen me drunk? I don't even drink. I have never used any kind of drugs at all. I don't even use aspirin. I have never in my life been involved in any kind of bizarre sexual activity—never, never!

HUSTLER: Do you think that sex is only right inside the institution of marriage, or do you think it can be right outside of marriage?

O'HAIR: Sex is a private expression, and nobody has the right to tell you what to do with respect to your sexual activity. I was the first person in the United States who ever said openly, "When you're big enough, you're old enough, and when you're old enough, you're big enough. Go to it!" That is, I openly advocated adolescent sexual relationships.

I was on a television program up in New York, and this same thing came up. They were attacking me because I said I believed in free love. I said to the man who was interviewing me, "You do not understand the difference between free love and a free lay."

HUSTLER: What is the difference?

O'HAIR: A physical need is a physical need. It is soon over and done with until the next time. An intellectual, emotional and physical relationship is an ongoing thing that exists even between "lays."

The Atheists of America have been pragmatically involved in the fight for human sexuality more than anybody else. The very first attempt to eliminate myths regarding masturbation was led by an Atheist, Dr. Charles Knowlton. He said over and over again in his publications: "You will not go insane. It is all right to masturbate. Go ahead and do it." That was in the 1830s.

The second fight was for the right for a woman, within her marriage, to say no. The right to sexual freedom in marriage, the right for a woman not to be raped, the right for a woman not to be used in her marriage.

Out of that came the concept of free love. And the very first free-love union in the United States was between two Atheists [Lillian Harman and Edwin C. Walker] who said, "We are telling the world we are going to start to live together. And we are not going to get married because free love is the ability to love freely, expecting nothing in return. Love is communication between two people. And we are saying to everybody we are free of the restrictions of

church and state, in regard to our union."

They immediately got picked up and busted. They spent their "wedding" night in jail. These, again, were Atheists. Following that came Atheists' battles for sex education, birth control and abortion. Every single fight for human sexuality in the United States has been fought by Atheists.

HUSTLER: You've said you're opposed to abortion. You qualified that statement by saying you know that we need better sex education.

O'HAIR: No, no. I am not opposed to a woman's free choice. If a woman wants an abortion, the only person she should go to is a doctor. I have fought all I can for that free choice. My opposition to abortion is that psychological and physical problems arise. My only other opposition is that it is used as a birth-control technique, and we are letting the Catholic Church, the Mormon Church and the Evangelicals turn women against abortion when abortion isn't the issue.

HUSTLER: Does religion also discriminate against women?

O'HAIR: More than anything else, more than any other group.

HUSTLER: I will agree with you on that. You know, it's just like the biblical story of the prostitute who was being stoned. Despite what Jesus allegedly said, where was the john? Why wasn't he being stoned too? Today, in many cities, they lock up the john too, you know.

O'HAIR: All of this is stupid, because I think we should have legalized prostitution, male and female, to control the spread of venereal disease. One of the things I've advocated constantly is that every church every Sunday give every communicant a shot of penicillin instead of wine and wafers. We'd be a better land, because we might be able to eradicate venereal disease.

We should have free (i.e., open-ended) human sexuality and concern ourselves with pregnancy and venereal disease. Who fucks whom is the business of the people fucking.

HUSTLER: Do you feel people should have the right to read magazines like **HUSTLER**?

O'HAIR: I do not object to anybody reading anything at anytime. But if you put into your magazine a picture of a woman stripped nude in a sadomasochistic pose, or a picture of labia, etc., and you label it Madalyn Murray O'Hair, I'm going to sue your ass tomorrow. I have trouble with your magazine, and I'll tell you that frankly.

HUSTLER: What about **HUSTLER** troubles you?

O'HAIR: You use women as ends. I cannot justify in my mind what you do with women. Women are objects; women are cunts. And we don't have any brains attached to that or anything else.

HUSTLER: Do you have any other complaints aside from our alleged degradation of women?

O'HAIR: I don't see a male with his anus extended from insertion of a dilator. I don't see pictures like that, but, boy, I can look at those vaginas and see that those have been dilated before those pictures were taken.

HUSTLER: Your primary problem with **HUSTLER**, then, is our treatment of females. Is this true?

O'HAIR: You deprecate and belittle women, and you use them as instruments. They are toys for men.

HUSTLER: I'm not trying to justify it. But I'm saying the time will come when a man will be just as aroused by seeing a woman with her clothes on as he will with them off. Meanwhile, as long as there's an area covered up, somebody's going to want a photograph of it uncovered.

O'HAIR: You are in a business operation. If you want to take pictures of cunts, and women are willing to have the pictures taken, and somebody wants to buy them, go ahead and do it. The persons criticizing you should simply not lay down money for the magazine. That would be their criticism, and the only one to which they are entitled.

There should be a free press in America, and if the heterosexual male likes to look at cunts, all right then, give him some cunts to look at. Garth has taken me to pornographic movies once or twice. Each film concerned a woman who was an instrument on which men would play for their satisfaction, their fulfillment.

HUSTLER: Repression created all of this—and Judeo-Christianity.

O'HAIR: Oh, I agree with that. If it weren't for the church, you wouldn't be in business.

HUSTLER: Exactly.

O'HAIR: I don't have any argument with that.

HUSTLER: How do you get out of it?

O'HAIR: I am having a great deal of difficulty associating myself with **HUSTLER** Magazine. Garth says, "Mother, this is the audience. Go ahead, do the interview, and it's going to be cool." And I keep saying, "I don't want to be in there." On the other hand, you're not taking a picture of my cunt—nor will you ever. What you're doing with this interview is inspecting my ideas. And that, of course, is open to inspection, because my ideas are in a free public marketplace.

JON GARTH MURRAY: I agree with you, Larry, if you are saying that by the promotion of absolutely open sexuality sex will no longer be dirty.

O'HAIR: It's going to be dirty as long as religion teaches people it is dirty.

HUSTLER: And when religion stops teaching that, as you said, we'll be out of business—or we'll have to change our format.

O'HAIR: No, you won't. I'll tell you why. You won't because it feels good. And just looking at those pictures can help one return an excitement to one's mind.

HUSTLER: But I think people's attitudes will change. They've noticed this in Holland and the Scandinavian countries already, since pornography was legalized. People are much less preoccupied with sex than they were before. It is considered more a function, like sleeping, eating, defecating or many of our other natural functions. And you don't find this uptightness, especially in places like Holland and Denmark; eventually, you'll see that in this country too.

O'HAIR: I agree.

HUSTLER: Do you think there's any hope for Larry Flynt?

O'HAIR: I don't know. You're a crazy, screwed-up kid if ever I met one. I see that you apparently have a very fine business sense, and some of that has rubbed off on your wife, because she held it together while you were down. And you have built a small empire, a significant empire. A great number of organizations do not try to operate out of an office such as you have set up. Your office is a reflection of human dignity and concerns for a public need. I'm coming away with a peculiar impression with respect to you.

HUSTLER: If I didn't print a lot of pictures of cunts, and if I didn't talk to Jesus Christ, I'd be a pretty good guy.

O'HAIR: No, I wonder about your talking to Jesus Christ, and I—

HUSTLER: Maybe I was hallucinating.

O'HAIR: I'm convinced you were.

HUSTLER: Well, there might be hope for a paradoxical creature such as myself.

O'HAIR: Yes.

HUSTLER: Have you ever considered the possibility that you might die and find out you were wrong about religion, about God?

O'HAIR: I don't consider that possible. I don't have to worry about that.

HUSTLER: If you died tomorrow, today, what would you want your epitaph to say?

O'HAIR: I just want it to say, "First she was a woman; second she was an anarchist; third she was an Atheist." That's all.



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UNIONS IN TROUBLE—Will the 1980s mark the beginning of the end for America's labor unions? Torn by internal corruption, organized labor now faces perhaps the greatest challenge in its short history—convincing workers to trust their leaders again. Robert McGarvey reveals in this probing analysis why the rank-and-file has lost the faith.

PROFILE: BILL BAIRD—Life in the middle of one of America's most controversial moral issues is explored in this profile of abortion activist Bill Baird. By Mark Zussman.

THREE WOMEN—Seduction and betrayal make for a murderous combination in this eerie tale by Roy Campbell.

FEAR OF FRYING—Join our semicrazed staff for a lighthearted look at the DC-10, the ill-fated airplane that proved beyond all doubt that man was not meant to fly.



PHOTO-FEATURES—Getting up in the morning would be much harder if you awoke next to **DEBIE: TEQUILA SUNRISE**, next month's centerfold. Once you're up, the best way to stay alert is with **COFFEE: HOT AND BLACK**. Then the beat goes on with the **RHYTHM METHOD** and **THE TOY SHOPPE**, where the fun and games aren't just for kids.

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